


VOL VII

# THE *Clinic*

THE  
ANNUAL  
PUBLICATION  
OF THE  
STUDENTS  
OF THE  
COLLEGE of PHYSICIANS  
& SURGEONS   
OF  
BALTIMORE, MD.

PUBLISHED BY THE CLASS OF "14"

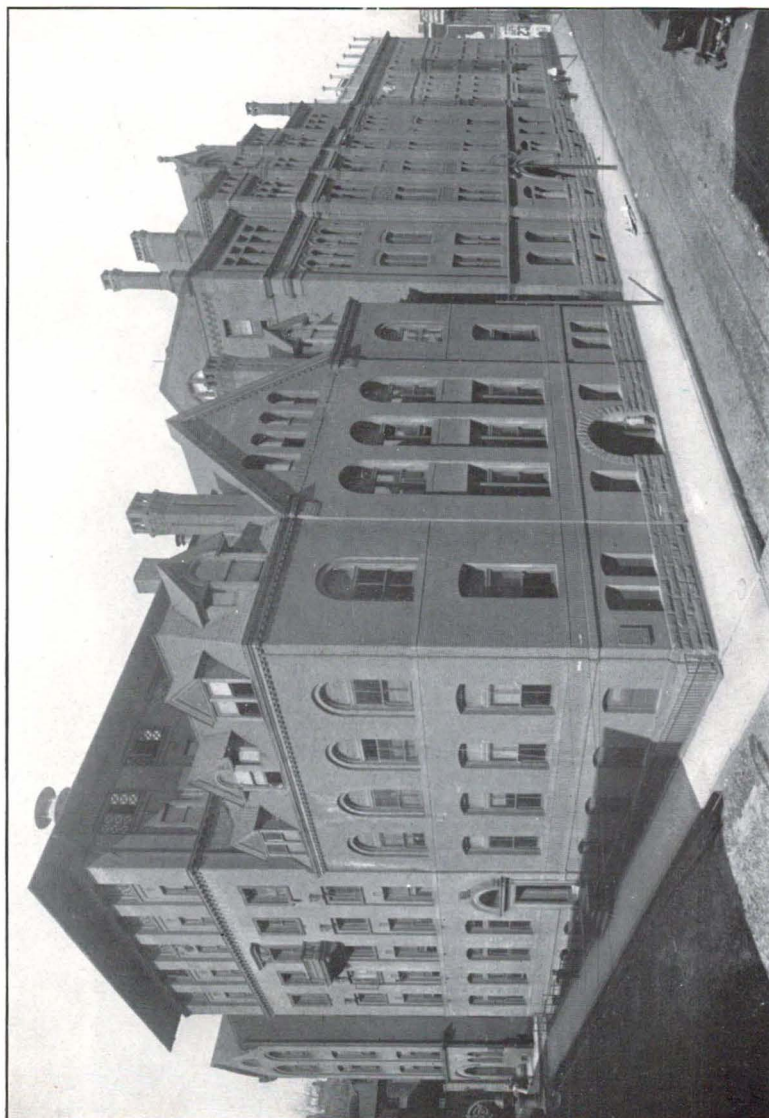
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RECENT ADDITION  
TO  
MERCY HOSPITAL

Affectionately Tendered  
To Our Honored Instructor  
**Archibald Cunningham Harrison, M.D.**  
Professor of Anatomy and Clinical Surgery  
at the  
College of Physicians and Surgeons.

---

Be it as a token, in kind,  
Of esteem an humble expression,  
To the one in whom entwined,  
Are both, man and profession.

From those he affectionately alighted  
Into the realms of his fame,  
And with zeal in them ignited  
An ambition for a lofty aim!

Board of Editors.















## Archibald Cunningham Harrison, M.D.



THE subject of this sketch, to whom the class book is this year dedicated, is a representative son of Virginia.

As a descendant of the emigrant, Richard Harrison, of early Colonial history, he is a member of a family particularly distinguished in public service in that it has given to the State, with many others less conspicuous, two Presidents of the Republic and a Signer of the Declaration of Independence, the signer becoming later Governor, for two terms, of the Virginia Commonwealth.

Dr. Harrison is a grandson of Thomas Randolph Harrison, the oldest of fourteen children of Randolph Harrison, of "Clifton." Randolph Harrison was a son of Carter Henry Harrison and a grandson of Benjamin, the son of the emigrant.

Dr. Harrison's father was Dr. Thomas Randolph Harrison, of New Kent County, a practitioner of medicine for many years, and his mother, still living, is a daughter of the Statesman Publicist, Benjamin Watkins Leigh.

Dr. Archibald Cunningham Harrison was born on January 6th, in the fateful year 1864. The place of his birth was a schoolhouse, converted into a rude dwelling, on the estate of Mr. Charles Old, in Amelia County, where his mother, with her children and a few faithful servants had found refuge a few months before. Their own home, in New Kent County, had been appropriated by the invading Northern army and their dismantled residence converted into a stable.

In the years immediately following the war, Dr. Harrison's parents, like many others of the South, were hard pressed for means of livelihood, and he was perhaps twelve years old before his education received much consideration. At about that time he was sent to a small private school and from there attended later, the Winchester High School and the Hanover Academy. He finally entered the University of Virginia, taking there, in addition to academic studies, his first year in medicine. In 1886 he was enrolled at the University of Maryland, from which school he graduated in medicine in 1887.

Following his graduation, he entered Bay View Hospital as assistant, becoming full resident in April, 1888. After two years' service at Bay View he began practice in East Baltimore, at the same time working at experimental surgery, under Dr. Halsted, in the Hopkins Laboratories.

In the autumn of 1890 he moved to Meyersdale, Pennsylvania, where he remained for eight years in large, successful practice. All of this he relinquished



in 1898, returning to Baltimore, because he desired a broader, more stimulating field for his work.

Dr. Harrison's career in Baltimore has been one of constantly increasing activity and importance. Always a student, he formed early connection in teaching, first with the Woman's Medical College, in Surgery and Clinical Diagnosis, and then with the College of Physicians and Surgeons, becoming Assistant Demonstrator of Anatomy in 1900, and since 1908, Professor of Anatomy and Clinical Surgery.

At the present time, besides his connection with the Mercy Hospital, he has an active, continuous service at St. Joseph's Hospital, and has also Staff appointments to the Hospital for the Women of Maryland, the Eye and Ear Hospital and the Church Home and Infirmary.

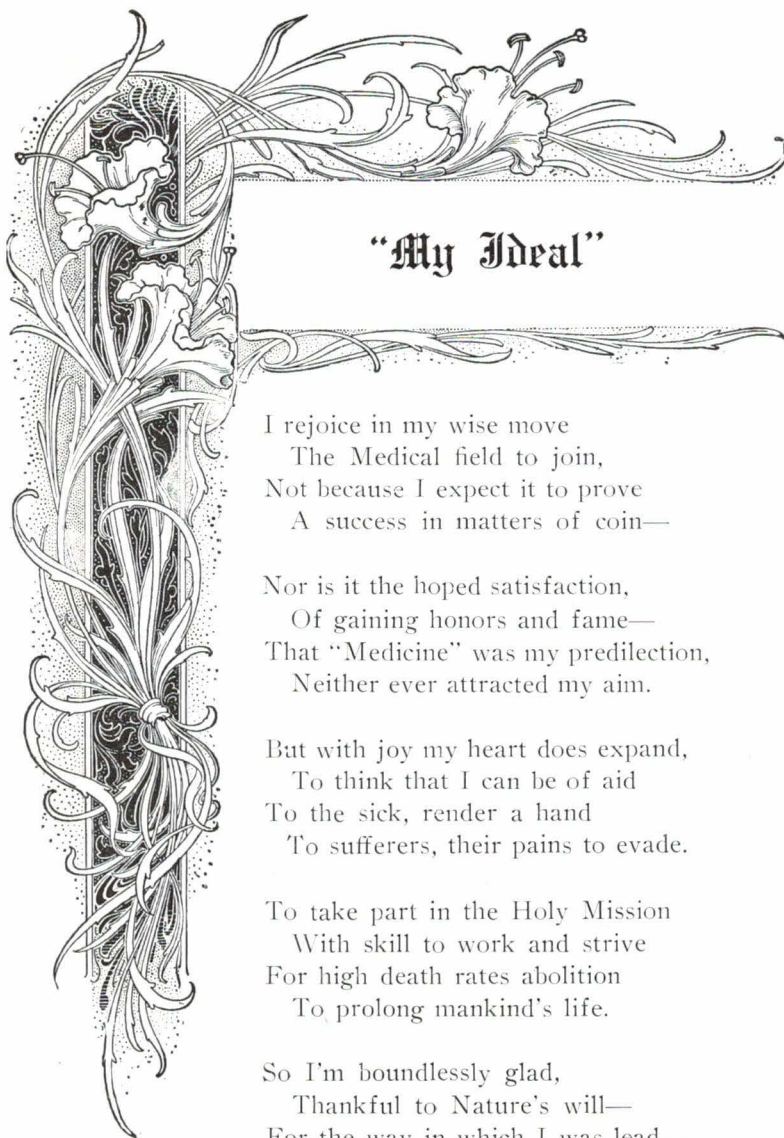
He has been Chief Surgeon to the Baltimore division of the Pennsylvania Railroad since 1907, and Consulting Surgeon to the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad since 1908. He is the Surgeon-in-Chief for the United Railways and Electric Company, of Baltimore, and for a number of other companies and smaller corporations. Personally and through assistants he controls a large part of the Casualty Surgery in the City.

Dr. Harrison was married June 15, 1892, to Anna Elizabeth Warfield, daughter of Dr. Milton Welch and Elizabeth Dawley Warfield, of Howard County, Maryland. Three daughters have graced the union and his domestic life is peculiarly fortunate and happy.

This is neither the time nor the place to attempt measure of Dr. Harrison's scientific attainments, he is still in the very heyday of his activity. His contributions to surgical literature have not been many, but the quality of his work is undoubtedly of high class. He maintains lively interest in medical associations, local and national, and was this year elected President of the Medical Chirurgical Faculty of Maryland. This, the highest gift at the disposal of the united profession of the State, sufficiently attests the position Dr. Harrison holds among the fellow members of his profession.

It is with the same high esteem and respect that the students of the College of Physicians and Surgeons look upon Dr. Harrison. Recognizing these facts, it is with a feeling of pride that we, the Editors of the 1913 CLINIC, affectionately dedicate this volume to him.

(Signed) BOARD OF EDITORS.



## "My Ideal"

I rejoice in my wise move  
The Medical field to join,  
Not because I expect it to prove  
A success in matters of coin—

Nor is it the hoped satisfaction,  
Of gaining honors and fame—  
That "Medicine" was my predilection,  
Neither ever attracted my aim.

But with joy my heart does expand,  
To think that I can be of aid  
To the sick, render a hand  
To sufferers, their pains to evade.

To take part in the Holy Mission  
With skill to work and strive  
For high death rates abolition  
To prolong mankind's life.

So I'm boundlessly glad,  
Thankful to Nature's will—  
For the way in which I was lead—  
For the realization of MY IDEAL!

H. W. R., '14.



The Board of Editors



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## "If"

If you can keep your head when all about you  
Are losing theirs and blaming it on you;  
If you can trust yourself when all men doubt you  
But make allowance for their doubting too;  
If you can wait and not be tired by waiting,  
Or being lied about don't deal in lies;  
Or being hated don't give way to hating,  
And yet don't look good, nor talk too wise.

If you can dream—and not make dreams your master,  
If you can think—and not make thoughts your aim;  
If you can meet with Triumph and Disaster,  
And treat these two imposters just the same;  
If you can bear to hear the truth you've spoken,  
Twisted by knaves to make a trap for fools;  
Or watch the things you gave your life to broken,  
And stoop and build them up with worn-out tools.

If you can make one heap of all your winnings,  
And risk it on one turn of pitch and toss;  
And lose and start again at your beginnings,  
And never breathe a word about your loss;  
If you can force your heart and nerve and sinew,  
To serve your turn long after you are gone;  
And so hold on when there is nothing in you,  
Except the will which says to them: "Hold on."

If you can talk with crowds and keep your virtue,  
Or walk with kings—nor lose the common touch;  
If neither foes nor loving friends can hurt you,  
If all men count with you, but none too much;  
If you can fill the unforgiving minute,  
With sixty seconds' worth of distance run:  
Yours is the earth and everything that's in it,  
And—which is more—you'll be a Man, my son.

RUDYARD KIPLING.



## The Salutation of the Doomed



AS the Roman gladiators came into the arena and bowed before the Emperor exclaiming "Morituri Salutamus," so we, your Board of Editors, who with jibe and joke have tried to immortalize friend and foe alike by giving place in this, your 1913 CLINIC, come before you for your verdict, and, in the words of the gladiators who were soon to engage in mortal combat to make a spectacle to arouse sluggish senses, exclaim "We who are about to die salute you."

A noted editor once said to a young reporter "Never fail to give the name of the man of whom you write. If you speak well of him his friends will want his name, and if you speak ill of him his enemies will want it.". There is not a morsel of malice within the covers of this book, so don't try to find any in the joke which is at your expense, but join the multitude of those who, with thumbs pointing upward, vote to allow the blessings of life to continue to be enjoyed by your

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## Contributors to "The Clinic," 1913

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Nohe, '15

McCallion, '15

Dunn, '13

Berman, '14

Moose, '14

Johnson, '15

Dr. Harry Friedenwald

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"Kid" Mayer, '14

Heilman, '14

Richardson, '14

Rosenthal, '14

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Class Historians

### Art

Heller, '13

De Martini, '15

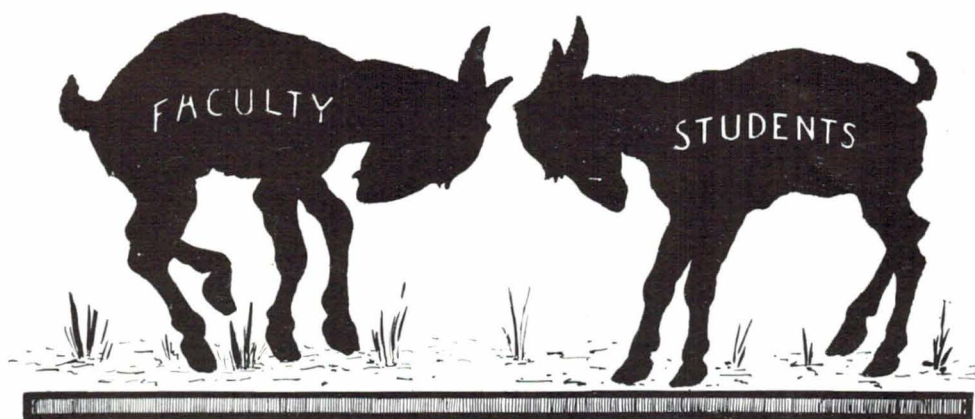
Mahoney, '15

Cramer, '14

Gervais, '16

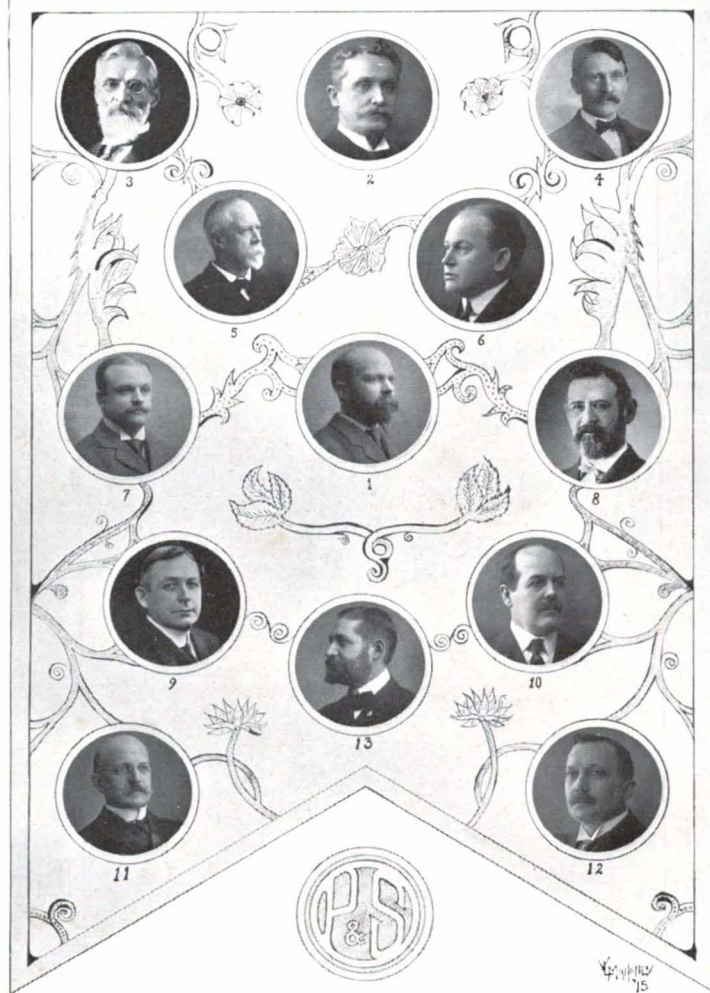
Riera, '16

Harbert, '13





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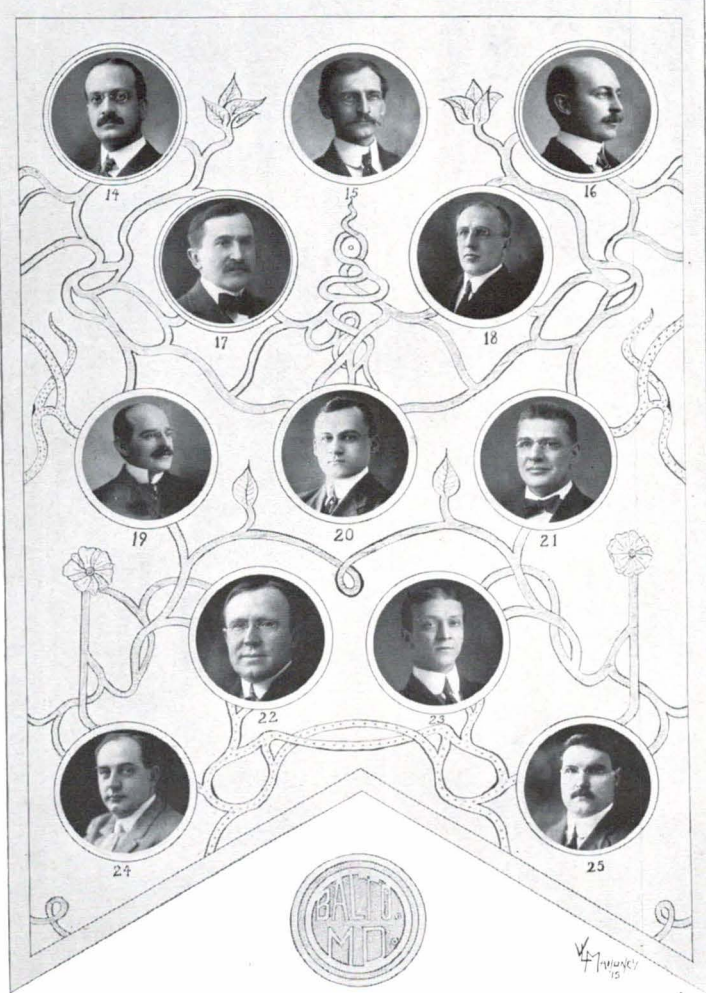
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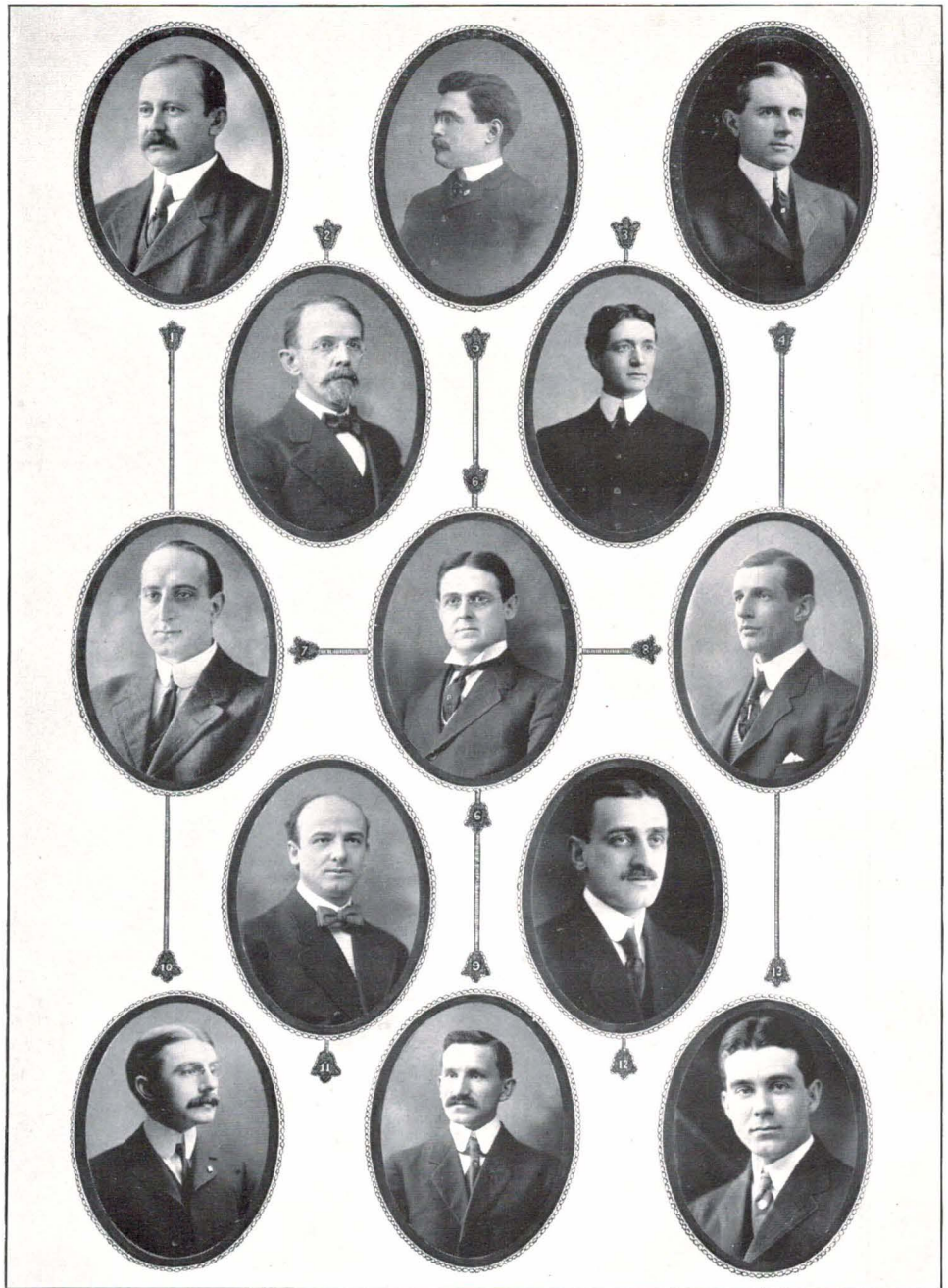
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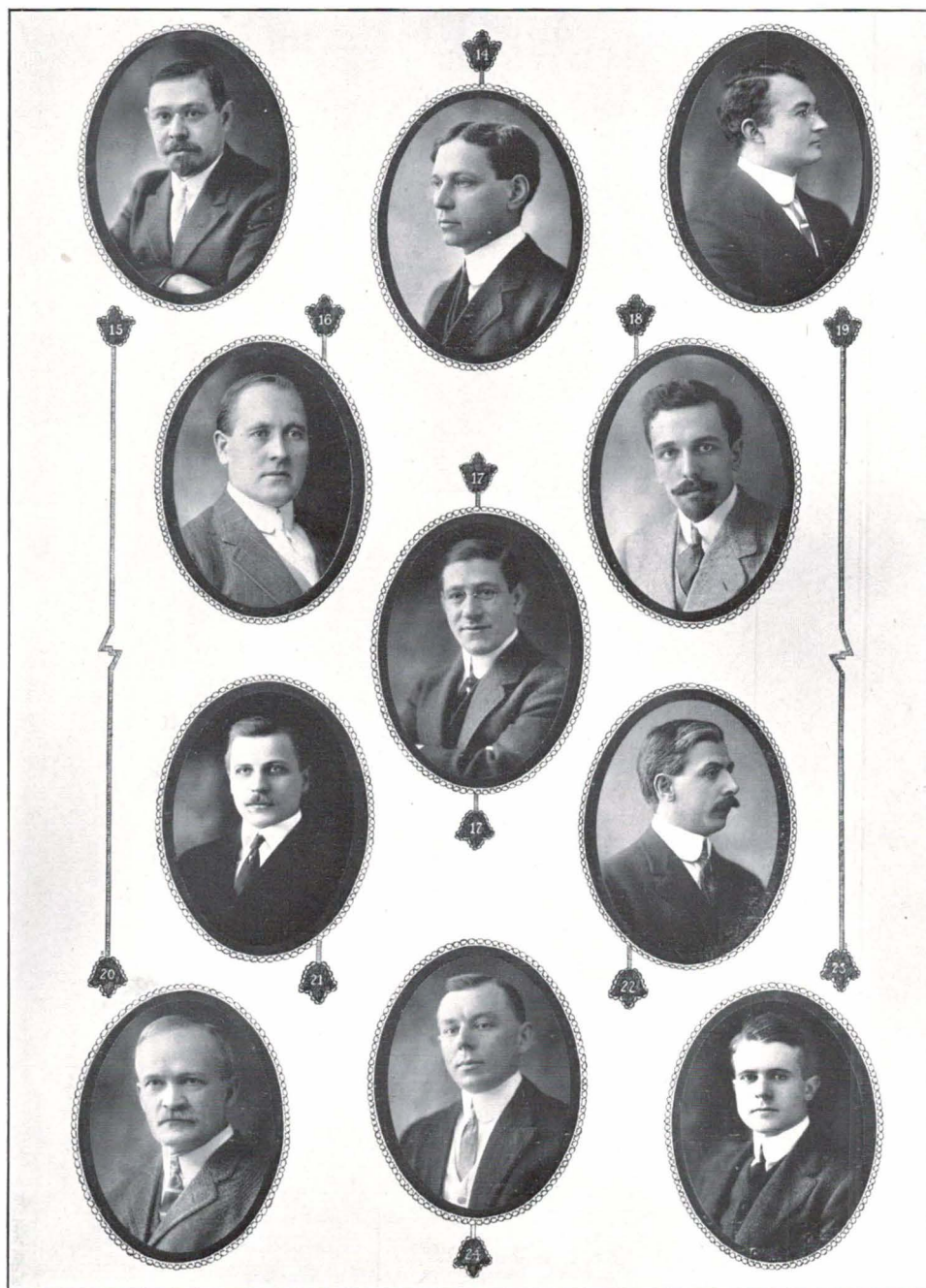


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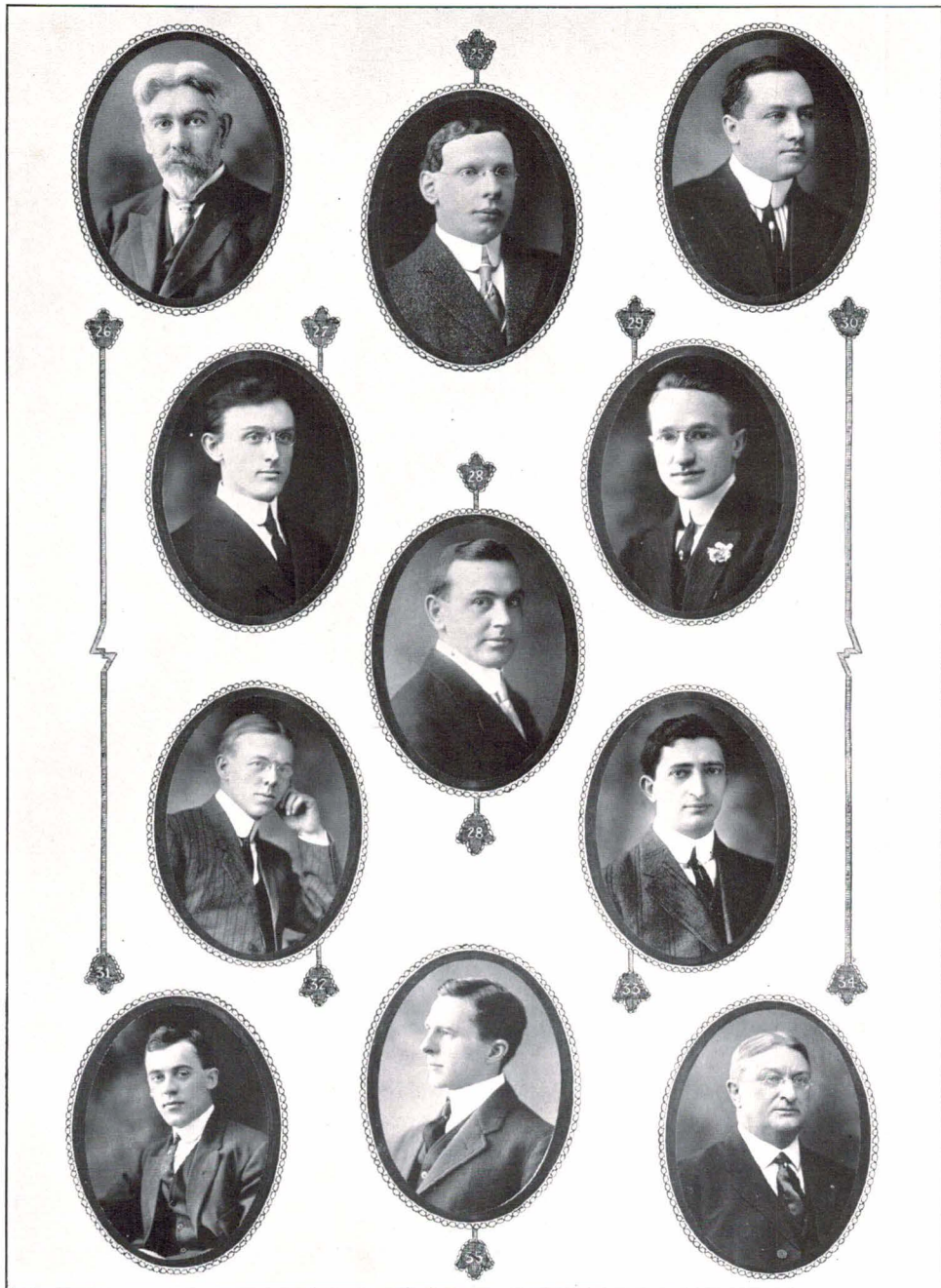


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## Farewell

Dearest classmates gently stealing,  
Are the hours our stay prolong;  
Tides of deep and varied feeling,  
Rise to check the voice of song.

Long by purest bands united,  
Sweetly have we lingered here;  
Each with the others joys delighted,  
Each melted at the others tears.

Days and nights we've labored o'er,  
The tasks our Professors gave us,  
Days and nights we've mused together  
Of brighter scenes before us.

But Ah! these halcyon days must end,  
These peaceful hours must close;  
And sadly in our hearts now blend,  
Alternate joys and woes.

Sweet home invites with winning tone,  
And proffers sweetest pleasure,  
A father's voice, a mother's smile,  
The hearts undying treasure.

Then we must leave communings sweet,  
Far from each other roam;  
Though sad we part, with joy we'll greet,  
Our friends, the loved, at home.

Farewell ye long familiar halls,  
Farewell to nurses dear;  
Farewell ye tingling bell whose call,  
Moved us with hope and fear.

Farewell kind Professors, dear,  
Whose instructions now we leave;  
For you we drop the silent tear,  
To mean the thanks we feel.

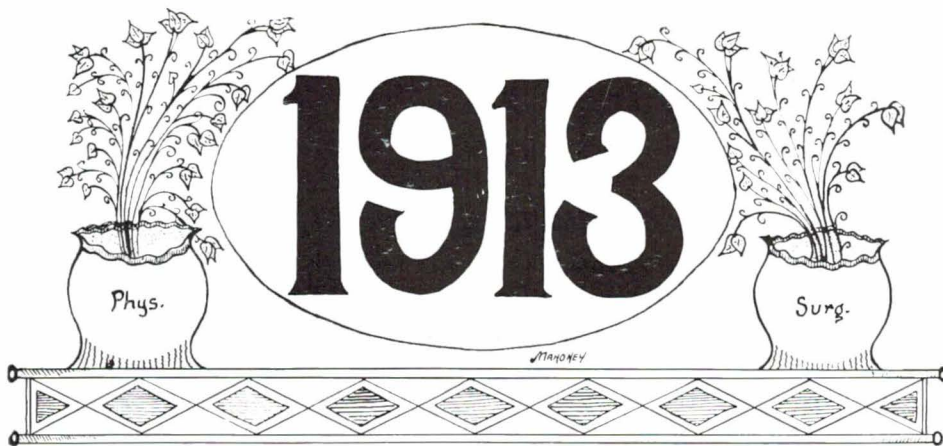
Dear classmates, we must say adieu,  
We grieve to break the tie,  
But now from hearts both torn and true,  
We breathe our fond good-bye.

Good-bye be spoken as we part,  
We all will ne'er return;  
Though love we'll cherish in our hearts  
Like ashes in the urn.

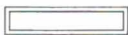
HUGH DUNN, 1913.







## Senior History



IN attempting to write the history of the class, One Nine One Three, I can but call attention to the important events. These are as milestones in the progress of the class, and I feign would look upon them to see how far we have traveled. Take stock of our achievements, inventory our possibilities, and thus forecast the future.

In the fall of 1909, as if answering to the call of destiny, there assembled in Baltimore a class of men strong in desire for knowledge in the Science of Medicine. But little did they know the lesson in store for them, the first lesson. You are Freshmen, a very difficult lesson, but with the able teaching of our Seniors, not only the Sophomores, but Juniors and Seniors, aided by the House Staff and worthy Faculty, the lesson was soon learned, never to be forgotten, not for a moment.

With our position clearly defined we began to reconcile ourselves to our fate. But, alas, this was not all, we were greeted with, "Freshmen out, throw them out," until the thing became obnoxious, then like a cornered rat, we prepared to fight.

A class meeting was called, and an organization effected, with the following officers: President, F. P. Floyd; Vice-President, John Doyle; Secretary, J. G. O'Brien; Treasurer, J. Edward Day; Historian, W. S. Brady; Sergeant-at-Arms, W. L. Brown.

With the organization effected, we measured brawn, and told of how we could fight, until as if coated with war paint, we planned an attack upon the mighty Sophs. We found them in Room 26; here we engaged them in battle, and so surprised were they at our lark, that they were utterly routed and humiliated. They came back at us the following morning, found us in the same room listening to Dr. Fort on the mysteries of *Materia Medica*. Like a band of warriors they came; but we were looking for just such a thing and, spurred on by our success of the day previous, we gave them battle royal, and when the smoke of battle had cleared away the Freshmen still held the fort.

Not satisfied with the result thus far, the Sophs planned another attack, this time not on fair grounds. They purchased 200 pounds of flour, and had it put up in paper-bags and attacked us the following morning in Chemistry. Here they showered the defenseless with flour, followed by a steady stream of water from a fire-hose. As long as things were easy, they held the post, but soon retreated to the Lord-knows-where, as none of them could be found, and lucky for them, too.

The Freshmen had planned to come again, but the flag of truce was raised, and peace established, provided the Sophs would apologize to Dr. Simon. This they did and all was lovely until we had to meet the Profs. in mid-year examinations. Here, too, we proved that we were equal to the occasion, as shown by our returns.

Next came the task of entering the dissecting room, there to destroy the Temple of Man—the human body. As before we accomplished the task on hand, and learned many things about the human body which will be of use in our future studies in medicine.

Spring upon us, and according to custom, we were expected to meet the Sophs in a ball game; a team was whipped into line and the game played. But we lost, and why not? The exception to the rule proves it, "Freshmen victorious throughout the year."

Next came the finals, and as usual, we met them; hence, discarded the coat of green to don the robe of Sophomore. Feeling very jubilant, we departed to spend our first vacation since the mighty task of learning medicine began.

The fall of 1910 is here, and with it most of our illustrious members. 'Tis seen that a few faces are missing, but in their places new ones are seen. Our first aim was the election of class officers and a meeting was called and the following officers were elected: President, E. D. Silver; Vice-President, V. O. Humphreys; Secretary, J. F. Mumford; Treasurer, Thomas. J. Tobin; Historian, Joseph D. Fallon; Sergeant-at-Arms, J. S. Dixon.

The question of dealing with the Freshmen was then taken up, and a committee was appointed to draw up a set of rules for them to obey, the result being the "Ten Commandments to the Freshmen." These they promised to obey



through their first year. But, alas, the disappointment to the Upper Classmen in not seeing the usual rush led them to taunt the bewildered Freshmen, and finally succeeded in getting them to break the rules, and thus precipitate the rush.

One morning they appeared without cap and button, and the signal was given, and our trusty warriors soon ejected the faithless Freshmen out into the street and many regrets could be heard, sorry that they had disobeyed, and thus brought the displayed vengeance upon them. The mid-years were met as usual, and with extraordinary success.

The Christmas holidays passed, and all seemed hard pulling for the remainder of the year. A slight deviation from this was seen when the class picture was taken. 'Twas then we indulged in the pleasures of the day—the pass-word being, "Eat, drink and be merry, for 'tis a long time till the end." The college night at the Auditorium was the usual success, and found us there enmasse; all enjoyed the play.

The spring upon us and again we were engaged in a baseball conflict, and had it not been for the poor playing on our part, the good playing on the part of the Freshmen, we might have won the day. But we didn't.

It now became a duty to elect a year-book board, which we did, and one whose work will ever be a credit to the Class of 1913.

Alas, the finals are upon us, and with dauntless pride we met them with the usual success.

After a few farewells, all was over for a few months. We again assembled, this time in the roll of Juniors. On casual inspection, several faces are missing, but new ones are seen and our number is growing. The Junior year is one of more sober thought. The athletics and rushes belong to those coming after, while we turn our attention to the getting out of a year-book.

As we began upon our studies, we still had an idea that there should be something doing in the rush line, and as the Sophs were outnumbered and slightly afraid of a defeat, the thing lagged. Here we called into play some of our early lessons, thinking that we could perhaps start something. And 'tis said, we did. And, believe me, 'twas the worst ever, as from top to bottom one could not walk except on lamp-black. School was suspended and Freshmen and Sophs all looked alike. While we give honor to whom 'tis due, yet we claim that we started something.

Mid-year's here, and by the smiling faces, one would think they were easy.

After the Christmas vacation, the usual hard grind came on, and with it the getting out of the year-book, which was done and reflects much credit to Board and Class alike.

Aside from the theater night, which was the usual success, all was steady work. After the finals were over a new class of Seniors was launched upon the

stage, and needless for me to say, many a happy face could be seen. The goal is now in sight and no time for shirking or thought of the ways of the Freshmen.

The fall of 1912 has rolled around and with it brought the reassemblage of the Class of One Nine One Three. Aside from a few absentees and the presence of some new faces, all seems as it has in former years. Everyone is glad to see the other and many a pleasant meeting can be seen, as this band, from pole to pole and from sea to sea, meet, and begin the final act in their college drama.

The possibilities are opened to us, possible for us to bring into use some of the things that we have perhaps gleaned from our text-book, and remembered from the lectures and clinics of our illustrious Professors. 'Tis possible for us to see the ill and injured in the wards and try to formulate some remedy or relief for their case. If right, all is right, if wrong we are corrected by those in charge, and our mistakes are not felt by the innocent and helpless. But these are of value to impress on us the need of seeing, knowing and reading about everything we can in the hope that we can go out into the world a finished article, worthy of the confidence and patronage of the people with whom we shall locate.

The usual routine is followed, and a class organization is effected, after a campaign that would have done honor to the Progressives, and I might say, elected their champion. The election was a clean sweep for W. L. Brown and his ticket. W. L. Brown, President; Robert B. Garland, Vice-President; J. F. Lynch, Second Vice-President; Leo P. Musser, Secretary; E. F. Flora, Treasurer; J. Edward Day, Historian; R. S. Olsen, Valedictorian; V. O. Humphreys, Sergeant-at-Arms.

No sooner had work begun before dark clouds arose, and looked as if trouble was in store for the otherwise eventful class. The American Medical Association, for some cause best known to themselves, placed the stigma of a "B" classification upon the P. & S. But, as is always the case, right will prevail and here did. After due consideration and work the classification was changed from "B" to "A." All honor be to our most worthy Dean and able associates.

This gave heart to Professors and students alike, and with the clearing of the skies, the work progressed with a vim never before seen in the history of good old P. & S.

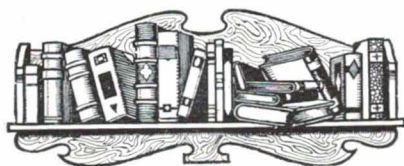
When once this level was reached it was up to the Faculty and men alike to stay there, and the men showed their desire and determination to do so by taking up the anti-tobacco crusade. In a meeting it was unanimously decided to abstain from the use of tobacco in any form in the college building. This was immediately taken up by the under-classes and Faculty, and no longer are our halls filled with curling smoke and floors bestrewn with discarded butts of cigars and cigarettes, or can the stains of ejected cuds be found behind the radiator, and upon the floors. May this be only a beginning in the great cause of cleanliness about this temple of learning.

The mid years came upon us and found the men in preparation as is shown by the after reports.

After spending the Christmas vacation a band of anxious men are seen looking and longing for the expected night, "Goal night." "Watchman, tell us of the night, what its signs of promise are." Alas, who knows but what an Ehrlich, Pasteur, or an Osler may be wearing the robe of Senior. If so, all honor to our Alma Mater, honorable Professors, and diligent Seniors.

Alas, kind friends, as the time arrives for us to part and go to lands far separated, let our separation not be the end of our chain in advancement in the Science of Medicine, but rather let it mark the link which unites us in an endless chain of friendship and devotion for each and every member, and all in turn for our grand old Alma Mater—The P. & S.

J. E. D., *Historian*.





## Senior Class Officers, 1912-13

### *President*

W. L. BROWN

### *First Vice-President*

ROBT. B. GARLAND

### *Second Vice-President*

JAMES F. LYNCH

### *Secretary*

LEO P. MUSSER

### *Treasurer*

E. F. FLORA

### *Historian*

J. ED. DAY

### *Valedictorian*

R. S. OLSEN

### *Sergeant-at-Arms*

V. O. HUMPHREYS

## Executive Committee

### *Chairman, R. BENARBE*

ROBT. P. WOOD

R. E. CLOWARD

J. WM. LIVESAY

W. E. MYLES



GEO. W. ABERSOLD ("Abby"), Salama, W. Va.

Abby is, in reality, a Buckeye, but, for some unknown reason, prefers the title of Snake. Occasionally he mentions some of his experiences while at Marietta College, especially his sail on the matrimonial sea. His earlier Western career, however, he prefers not to mention.

Abby is an exceptional student, and since his appointment at Mercy Hospital, is some busy man.



JOHN ANDERSON, JR. ("Mickey"),

N Σ N, Chapter XI.

Jersey City, N. J.

"Mickey," as his friends familiarly address him, is as full of Old Nick as any egg is full of meat. After he got his "dip" from Jersey City High School, he started out to see the world. He got as far as Berlin and there he bought a red student's cap and joined the merry throng.

Right soon did he assume that Medicine was his game,

Globe trotting he foreswore and back to U. S. he came.

He started in with all his might to win the fight; He's stuck to it night after night, and the chances are he'll come out all right.





FRANK J. AYD ("Frank"), Baltimore, Md.

Frank is a familiar figure around P. & S., where he has spent "some" of his time.

When he attends lectures he always occupies a conspicuous place on the top row. Frank is a good looking fellow, well liked, and possesses more than the average intelligence. We understand he is applying himself to his medical work this year very industriously.

He has our good wishes for a successful future.



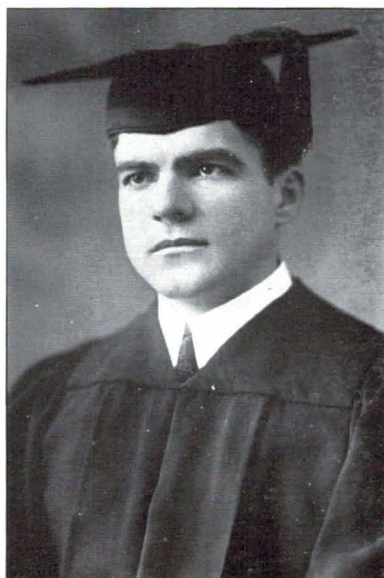
LOUIS D. BARNES ("Lefty Louie"),

X Z X

Editor-in-Chief Clinic, 1912,

Stockbridge, Mass.

A great big, raw-boned, easy goin' son of Massachusetts. He has been so prominent in the affairs of the class that one scarcely knows where to begin. Louie started a course in engineering at Cornell but the work was too easy, and he gave it up for medicine. What the science of engineering lost by the transfer, medicine has gained. Since his appointment to Internship "Lefty Louie" seems to have forgotten that his student days are not yet over, and with an "Uncle Willie" in his mouth and a knowing tilt of his head, one would think that he is chief surgeon to Mercy Hospital.







RAFAEL BERNABE, Rio Piedras, Porto Rico.

Chairman Executive Committee, 1912-'13.

This is another of the Porto Rican curios, a great admirer of the fair sex and a frequent visitor at the Y. M. C. A. He will probably do interne service in one of the largest hospitals in his native town—Seven Beds, all diseases admitted, and will later specialize in G. U. In his voluminous note-taking he even includes the cough and sneeze. Good luck to him.



T. F. E. BESS,

Hinton, W. Va.

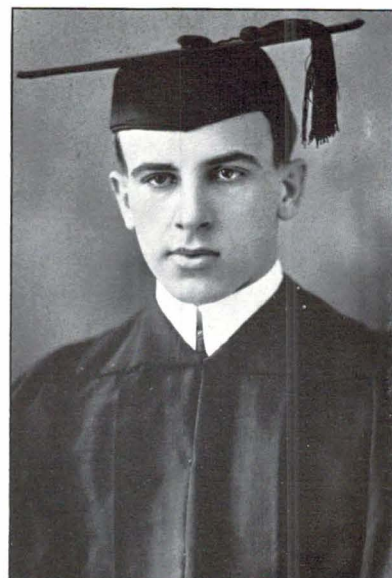
K Ψ

Treasurer Y. M. C. A.

Bess is fond of dancing, and a real artist when it comes to sleeping, having a record which has never been broken.

He is a quiet fellow, having made many friends during his two years with us, and we learn of another—one whom mere words cannot describe. She lives in Cumberland, which fact accounts for his frequent visits to that city.

Bess finds time, even if he has succumbed to her bewitching charms, to devote to his college work, and, we must confess, he is a good student and enthusiastic in his work. He has an especial fondness for Obstetrics.





R. M. BOBBITT ("Bobby"),

Y. M. C. A.

K Ψ

Huntington, W. Va.

A worthy representative of West Virginia University. That he is more than an ordinary fellow is shown by the fact that he knows how, when, and where (and whom) to ask questions. He is a medical man first, last, and always.

His diversion is Ornithology, being particularly interested in the "Wren" family.



WALTER L. BROWN ("Filipino Brown"), Φ B II

Athens, Ga.

Sergeant-at-Arms, 1909-'10.

President of Class, 1912-'13.

Brown came to P. & S. after spending a number of years in the Philippines. He is a keen observer and consequently well versed in the native habits and customs of the Filipinos, a subject upon which he refuses to remain silent. He is one of Dr. Gardner's assistants, and expects to specialize in Gynecology.

Brown is an ardent admirer of Colonel Roosevelt, and believes that Mexico should be annexed to the U. S. His latest ambition is to obtain a commission in the Medical Reserve Corps in event of war with Mexico. But who ever heard of a Government Gynecologist?





H. W. G. BUETTNER ("Heinie"),

Baltimore, Md

Heinie is a specimen from Maryland and not so bad at that. He gets the apparatus in order for Dr. Simon before lectures. It is said that he can tell a test tube from a pipette, but we have our doubts. Nevertheless he has held this position for four years, and is always on the job. Some day he may become a chemist of some fame.



ANDREW DEMOREST BOGERT ("Cannon Ball"),

Leonia, New Jersey, U. S. A.

"Cannon Ball," the Country bred boy from N. J. This is his first trip away from home, consequently his thoughts have been wandering in the direction of that little country town.

Ever present with his sarcasm and of his understanding (feet) whether this pertains to Medicine or to the support of his huge frame remains to be seen next June.

On the whole, "Cannon Ball" is a good fellow, and we all wish him well.







R. E. CLOWARD,

Utah

Φ B Π

Class Officer, Executive Committee, 1912-'13.

Straight, lanky and bald-headed, he came to P. & S. two years ago. True to Utah's reputation, he is among the "spliced," but considering this inconvenience, his career at College is worthy of mention. After completing this year he will return to "Zion" and extract Na Cl from Great Salt Lake.



JOSE COBIAN,

Patillas, Porto Rico.

This revolutionary spirit hails from an unknown spot in Porto Rico. He would make a better revolutionist than a physician. He is very fond of the fair sex, but never combs his hair. His voice is like a graphophone and when talking brings in such a combination of language as to leave you with migraine. Nevertheless he has a very generous spirit and we wish him well.





HARRY F. COFFMAN, Cumberland, Md.

K Ψ

*Name*—"Shorty."

*Age*—Not saying.

*Scr*—Questionable.

*Occupation* — Telegraph operator and roller skater.

*Residence*—Cumberland, Md.

NOTE.—Harry is always right in his arguments. He does the proper amount of studying and his future looks favorable, as prominent men are already looking up his pedigree.



GEO. H. CROFTON ("Croft"), Fall River, Mass.

This dignified, scholarly gentleman is also a representative of the Bay State. Endowed with the same indomitable spirit that characterized his ancestors at Bunker Hill and Lexington.

George came to our midst four years ago, determined to fight to a victory. He is a thorough student, and some day will be a famous surgeon. He also has the happy faculty of attending strictly to his own affairs, and has won the well wishes of the entire class.





J. EDWARD DAY, Bountiful, Utah.

Φ B Π

Class Offices, Vice-President, 1910-'11.

Historian, 1912-'13.

This portly gentleman hails from Utah. He entered P. & S. as a freshman, boasting of one accomplishment—that of being married.

During his stay at College he has become very popular as an orator. He spent the past summer appearing before different mother clubs of the city, enlightening them on how to feed babies. Success awaits him.



JAMES S. DIXON ("Dix"), Pennsylvania.

X Z X

President, 1911-'12.

From his brogue one would think that he is from some extreme Northern State. His mind is his own and few indeed are the occasions that he concurs with previous opinions during a discussion at class meeting. Class politics is his hobby, and had he not been a medical student in all probability his "home town" would have possessed a "ward boss." Dixon always "gets by" with his exams and with the general demeanor of the doctor which he possesses. His studious habits should result in the addition to the profession of a valuable member.







J. C. DOUGHTY,

Virginia.

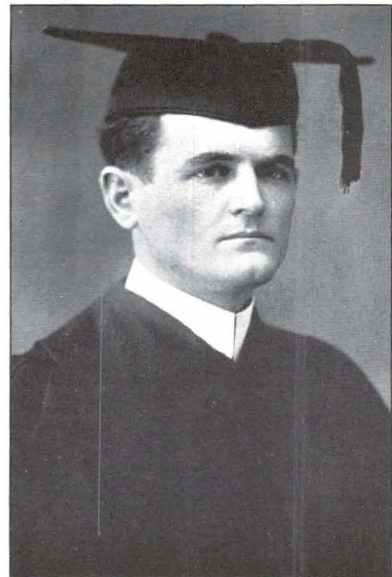
This modest, "good looking," unassuming gentleman, came to us from Jefferson. He is some pianist, and by his charming manners has won friends galore, especially among the fair sex, whom he chooses for his companions, which no doubt accounts for his petiteness. No one would suspect him of being a medical student, but he is a real one, and we do not hesitate to predict success for him.



DUNCAN M. DRAUGHN ("Dunc"),  
K A, X Z X  
Hattiesburg, Miss.

The "gentleman from Mississippi." No he does not say "By G— suh," but in every other way he is the typical product of the extreme South. A living photograph of "Pitch Fork" Ben Tillman, but somewhat lacking in the oratorical abilities which have made the Southern Statesman famous, Duncan "speaks his mind" only on proper occasions, and when he does speak there is sound logic in his argument and real meaty meat in his opinion.

Naturally he is a Democrat, and his views on politics—Woodrow Wilson and his fallacies in particular—are the most frequent cause of that slow, consummate drawl which bespeaks both the Scotchman and the Southerner.





HUGH DUNN,

Sutton, W. Va.

A settled gentleman of several summers, a real student with high ideals. Dunn refuses to smile upon the fair sex of Baltimore. He has never divulged her name, but we suspect a fair lady of W. Va., and will not be surprised to hear of him taking a voyage on the sea of matrimony as soon as he leaves P. & S.

He has the good wishes of his class.



FRANK DWYER, B.S., Ph.G. ("Larry"),

Φ B Π

Ansonia, Conn.

One of the forcible elements of our class, he takes great pride in quizzing Rusmisselle, with whom he rooms. He is a graduate of Brown University and a chemist of no mean ability.

Dwyer smokes Fatima cigarettes and has other accomplishments too numerous to mention.





J. F. EASTON.

West Virginia.

The past life of this man is more or less obscure. We learned, however, that he came to P. & S. from the Maryland Medical College and, previous to that, he worked in the oil fields in his native State.

Since he came to P. & S. he has developed a mania for asking questions, and no Professor has been able to escape him.

He shows evidence of having studied hard and having done much reading. Easton will no doubt practice in West Virginia.

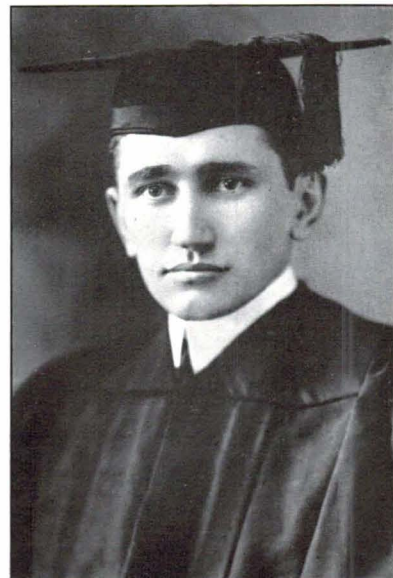


EARNEST SAMUEL ENFIELD.

Φ B Π

Forest Hill, Maryland.

Cranking a doctor's automobile aroused Earnest's ambition to become a "Doc." so he says. He is conspicuous around the College operating room, which is accounted for by his ability as an anaesthetist. When not in an argument he is asleep. He makes strong attempts at raising a mustache, but without avail.





JOS. D. FALLON ("Davy"), Stowington, Conn.

Historian, 1910-'11.

This, gentle reader, is our silvery toned tenor. He is the possessor of a charming voice that never fails to attract attention. He is the first of the Nutmeg State boys, and never fails to exploit the beauties of the "Village by the Sea" and its historic prominence in the war of 1812.

He is a confirmed bachelor, can always be found at home burning the mid-night oil storing up knowledge for the future.

His four years among us has been marked by incessant toil, which will show itself to good advantage in future years.



CHAS. J. FINNERTY ("Dad"), Hudson, Mass.

Dad is another one of the Bay State crowd, and in future years the natives of Hudson will speak in glowing words of its illustrious son. Dad is surely a walking delegate of the cigar industry, and can readily tell anything from a Virginia Cheroot to a 7-20-4 simply by a puff of the weed.

He has been faithful from the beginning.







PAUL N. FLEMING,

Cumberland, Md.

X Z X

Yes, he is rather young and perhaps a trifle giddy. Yet the mental strain and mature air produced by the receipt of an M. D. degree will abolish his present youthful characteristics and bring about such a startling metamorphosis that "Pauline" will be a real successful man of medicine. We hope for the best at any rate and, barring a too early attention to the "Beef Trust" after his graduation, our optimism will not be far fetched.



ERNEST F. FLORA,

Wirtz, Virginia.

Φ X

Asst. Advt. Mgr. CLINIC, '11-'12.

Class Treasurer, 1912-'13.

He is tall, blond and handsome. He is dignified, quiet and unobtrusive. He talks little and says much. He is exceedingly in earnest and will try anything once.

The people of his native State may well feel repaid for his four years absence from their midst when he returns for his professional work.

Perchance the "Undertakers Association" may even grant him a pension to remain away; or to secure another like himself.





B. F. GALLANT,

Wisconsin.

Φ P Σ

*Complaint*—Neurasthenia is a causative factor in the death of all men.

*Past History* — Emanated somewhere from among the monarchs. It has been said that he was a railroad or insurance director, thus accounting for his parliamentary diplomacy.

*Present History*—His classical appearance has often caused him to be mistaken for a clinical professor.

In the dark and deserted class room, after (5) bells had tolled, who operated upon every available cadaver and amputated everything in sight?



ROBT. B. GARLAND ("Bob"), Hartford, Conn.

Treasurer, 1912.

First Vice-President, 1913.

Bob is the second of the list who hails from the Nutmeg State. He never tires talking about his native city, and the wonderful achievements of Dr. Boucher.

Bob is a benedict but persists in wearing that care-free smile when everything goes dead wrong.

He has applied himself well while here, and deserves credit for the showing he has made.





J. WILLIAM GATTI ("Bill"),

Φ Δ Ε

Pennsylvania.

Our only representative from "Sunny Italy." Not prone or subject to exceptionally hard work, but an earnest "going to be" doctor among his native countrymen, who have settled among the coal mines of Pennsylvania.

Gatti is very dutiful in his care of the fair sex, and is as inseparable from Carl Bell's society as Dunn is from Jackson.

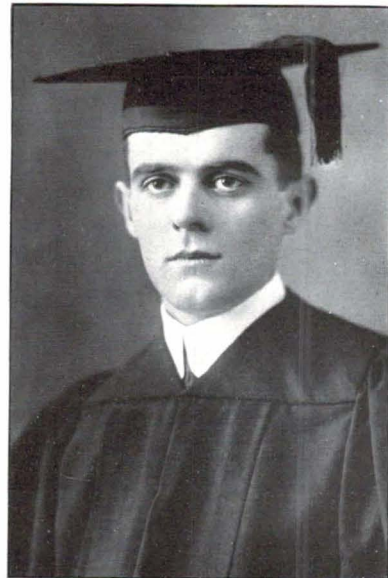


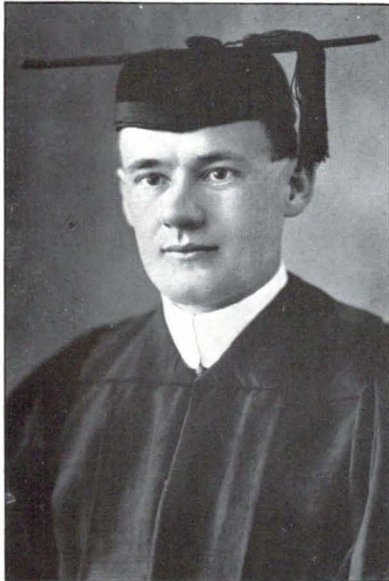
C. D. HAMILTON ("Ham"), Louisville, Ohio.

Ham completed the first two years of his medical education at the University of West Virginia.

His past has never been revealed to us, so we have to allow the reader to draw his own conclusions from his likeness. Since in P. & S. Ham has been a very quiet, unassuming fellow, and has made many friends. He is studious and punctual in attendance at classes.

May dame fortune smile upon him, as well as other dames.





E. H. HANKEY,

Apolla, Pa.

K Ψ

As a student he has some fame,  
As a dancer—just the same,  
And if you want to know his name  
Just ask some "Huntingdon" dame.

NOTE.—Hank is coming out fast, his laugh and friendly ways make him a "jolly-good-fellow."

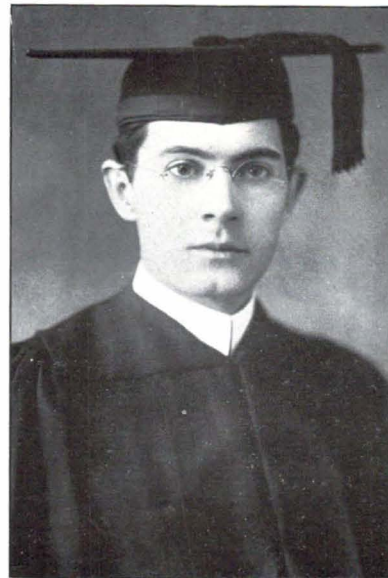


E. FORREST HARBERT,

West Virginia.

Harbert has practiced medicine since he was old enough to read Lydia Pinkham's Almanac, and only came to P. & S. to complete his medical education. He has learned a few things while in P. & S., but boasts chiefly of his ability at entertaining the ladies.

He is a very studious fellow and his quiet manner has earned for him the good will of the class.







PERCY P. HARTT,

Φ X

St. Andrews, New Brunswick.

He is a loyal subject of the King, but he is quite interested in the Bull Moose movement. He is remarkably amiable in disposition, and at times will even submit to being called a "herring choker"—by Brown.

We can unhesitatingly commend him as a living argument for reciprocity.

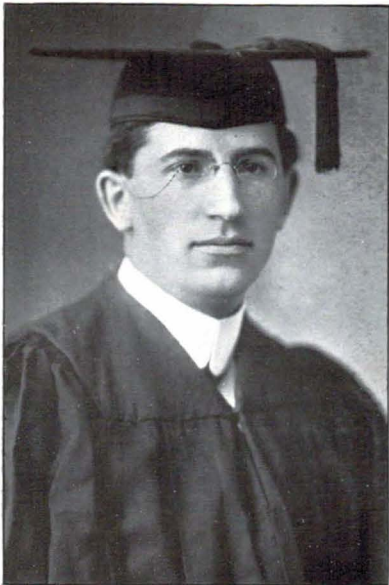


J. MOTT HEATH,

Brooklyn, N. Y.

Always in a hurry, throttle wide open, never slows down. Got the move in Wall Street while Secretary to some big "mogul" of finance. The pawing and the goring of the "bulls" and "bears," however, held no charm for him. Wearied by plot and counterplot and such affairs, he threw down the reins and knocked at the door of Science. Medicine appealed to him most, and once inside the door he pulled the throttle wide again—no stop till 1913.





ISIDOR HELLER,

New York City.

Φ Δ Ε

Art Editor "THE CLINIC," 1912.

This fellow is one of our earliest settlers from New York. His individuality extends beyond his first name, and the word "Dignity" completely characterizes him. He is famous for original ideas and expressions, and his personality spells success. We have it on good authority that Schapiro was the first to introduce him to the wilds and wonders of Baltimore. Heller has recently become greatly interested in and muchly attached to the tubercle bacilli.



MIGUEL HERNANDEZ,

Vamaguez, Cuba.

This good-looking chap received his preliminary education at Deichmann's Preparatory School. He owns an automobile and smokes home-made cigarettes. This little talking machine is well known by the fair sex, and he thinks he is a lady killer. He will specialize in Ophthalmology. He is one of the few good-looking foreigners in our class.





VICTOR O. HUMPHREYS, M. E.

Φ B II

Brockwayville, Pa.

Class Offices:

Vice President, 1910-'11.

Sergeant-at-Arms, 1912-'13.

We cannot impress too strongly the reader with the laudable characteristics of this gentleman. He knows more big words with or without the definitions than any other man of his size. Humphreys is a fine appearing, gentle fellow, and is sure to make good with female patients. He is a good student, and if you don't believe he is "some" Sergeant-at-Arms, ask Jarrell.



KENNA JACKSON,

West Virginia.

Four years at P. & S. Previously a West Virginia Pedagogue of much renown. We expect even more of him as a West Virginia physician. He has a reputation of never having missed a lecture for four years, nor being found from under the watchful care of his inseparable companion, Hugh Dunn. Jackson is one of the silent members of the class, speaking only when he has something to say.





FERNANDO H. JANER,

Porto Rico

K Ψ

Fernando—The fellow who talks about nine times as fast as he walks.

"And what does he lack

With his hair combed back?"

Nothing—He's nearly as good as his brother.

NOTE.—Fernando is "Jack of all trades" and master of some. His music is great, and as to his pharmacy, ask Ruhrah.

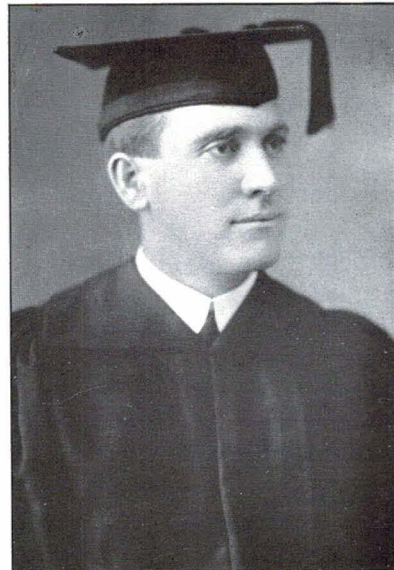


DENNIS B. JARRELL,

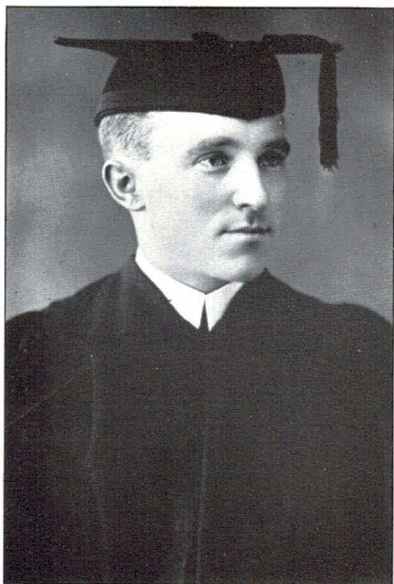
West Virginia.

Born and reared in the wilds of West Virginia, Jarrell, for some unknown reason, aspired to become a Doc.

He came to Baltimore and entered the Maryland Medical College, but after one short year he chose P. & S., and entered here in his second year. Jarrell, being imbued with the wild spirit of the mountain life, was rather hard to control, but his four years' association with the outside world has had its influence. Jarrell has become a man well liked by his classmates—a wonder, full of energy, enthusiastic, and always on the spot to absorb any forthcoming knowledge. He has a place to practice picked out, and he will become an up-to-date country physician.







B. V. KELLY ("Kel"),

Baltimore, Md.

Kelly is an excellent example of what ambition and determination will do. All through his college career many difficulties have presented themselves, but he has conquered all of them. The only fault is that he has an over-stocked vocabulary, and when quizzed finds some difficulty in controlling it.

Kelly is a thorough student and will surely help keep the standard of his Alma Mater where it rightfully belongs.



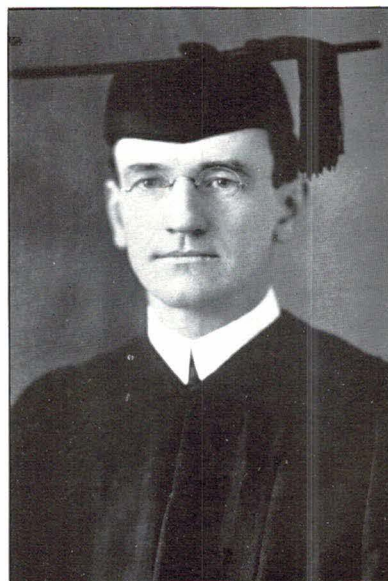
NORMAN LESTER KERR, Ph.G.,

Φ B II

Scottdale, Pa.

Not from West Virginia, as one might think, but from Pennsylvania. He is famous for his "good" jokes and noted for his characteristic "knee crossed" position on the front row of the lecture halls.

He is a hard worker and will become a practical and successful physician.





AUBREY M. LARSEN ("Spike"),

Φ B II

Salt Lake City, Utah.

Spike is from the Far West, smokes good cigars, and always has concealed about his person a Colt's "six gun." He attends Senators' dinners, and, in company with "Rus," is frequently seen strolling along Lexington Street.

But he never permits these things to interfere with lectures nor his activities in College affairs. He will return to "God's" country and take up active practice.



J. WILLIAM LIVESAY,

West Virginia.

Φ X

Executive Committee, 1912-'13.

Unwillingness to blacken a young man's reputation, and a strict regard for the truth prevents our holding forth at great length in regard to this member of our flock.

The refining influences of a medical student's life have had but little effect upon him. We trust that the arduous duties of professional life may keep him under control after he leaves our watchful care.

We forgot to mention that he is one of our best.





JAMES F. LYNCH ("Jim"), Taunton, Mass.

Φ Δ Ε

Grind Editor, 1912.

Second Vice-President, 1913.

This long, lean, lanky specimen came to us from Massachusetts direct from "Taunton Green," that famous historic spot, of which he talks for hours.

Jim is a fine fellow and has all the characteristics that go to make up a sterling, upright physician, and has many friends.

During his stay with us he has applied himself earnestly, and has spent his time grinding by the light of the mid-night oil.

A bright future should await him as a result of his earnest labors.



WILLIAM T. MAY ("Bill"),

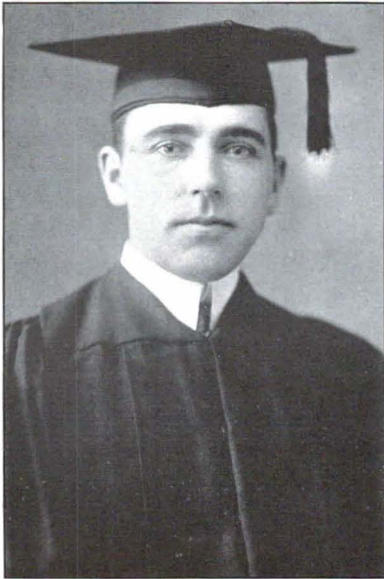
Φ Δ Ε

New York City, N. Y.

Real rosy cheeks, a perfect color scheme in matters of dress, and a habit of growing "temporary" mustaches, at first sight almost spell the place of his residence.

He attends classes chronically and is seldom seen very far away from Shapiro. May is very fond of the girls but we believe that to be a benign trait and, with his other good characteristics, it is reasonably safe to predict a successful career.





J. VINCENT MACANNICH ("Mac"), Penn.

Mac came to our midst at the beginning of the Junior year, and his persistent effort has gained for him a large coterie of friends. Mac's greatest difficulty during the past two years has been to get the "Profs" to pronounce his name correctly.

He is one of the original "three twins," the other two having fallen by the wayside, and left Mac to go on alone.

Mac has a hobby of taking notes, and the latest report is that he is a great "Terpsichorean" artist.



CHARLES L. MOWRER, Strawberry Ridge, Pa.

Φ B Π

Business Manager CLINIC, 1911,'12.

This son of Pennsylvania has, while in P. & S., won the confidence and respect of his classmates. He is modest to the extreme and a blush is always found upon his cheek.

Previous to his entrance to P. & S. Charley taught school in his home State. He has always been an industrious, ambitious student, allowing nothing to keep him from his duties. Those that have his intimate friendship can appreciate the sterling man, which he represents in the fullest sense of the word.







J. F. MUMFORD, JR.,

Taunton, Mass.

Φ Δ Ε

Secretary, 1910-'11.

Mumford is another from Taunton, the home of stoves, brick and herring. Before entering College he was the proprietor of a prosperous meat market, this probably accounting for his fondness for "Lambs."

Frank is also a heavy stock holder in the Bay State Railway Company. He is a conscientious student, and has spent his time in good, hard, concentrated work.

His choice is surgery, and we hope that his present ambitions may be realized.



LEO PRATT MUSSER,

Salt Lake City, Utah.

Φ Β Π

Class Offices: Secretary, 1912-'13.

Musser came to us after completing his first two years at the University of Utah. He is good-looking, genial, and somewhat of a society man. His popularity may be due to a pleasing line of "Lingo," which he hands out very competently.





W. E. MYLES ("Blondy"),

Φ B Π

Maywood, West Virginia.

Executive Committee, 1912-'13.

This "Blond Bebbie" is a snake tho' for the past four years has been associated with rabbits so much that he has acquired their Ala Nasi movements.

He never worries, not even over a girl's friendship. He can lose many more without suffering a famine. Blondy is a good student and has been actively connected with Mercy Hospital during the past year.

His Motto—"The female of the species is more deadly than the male."



CHARLES FRANCIS NICOL, Brooklyn, N. Y.

A K K

*Favorite expression*—"Now listen," "See."

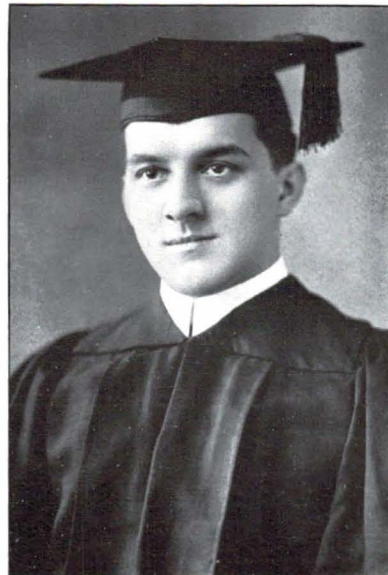
*Politics*—Democratic.

*Favorite pastime*—Sleeping.

*Main object in life*—"Delivering pickanninies."

Girls have him to a limited degree, especially heiresses.

Bad feature was his recommendation by Dr. H. Viriecombe.





RAPHAEL S. OLSEN, Salt Lake City, Utah.

Φ B II

Class Office, Valedictorian, 1912.

It is said that this oratorical individual is responsible for the salt in Utah's inland sea, and family of four children.

He is specializing in pediatrics (in his case most needful) and does justice to all his undertaking.



A. N. PELUSIO, Ph.G.,

New Jersey.

This gentleman is imported stock, Dame Rumor says. "He is from Spain, Italy and France." After four years' close association we are still unable to impart his true nativity to you. We shall leave that to your own imagination.

The thought of any one sitting behind him in lectures always causes an extreme grade of nervousness—Why?





CHARLES M. PETERS ("Petie"), New Jersey.

X Z X

Did you see that nature appearing man wearing an English cap and an English straight stem pipe? That is "Petie." He is from New Jersey, but there is no pronounced reason for surmising it. Perhaps it is because he is married and consequently has lost the usual distinguished characteristics of a New Jerseyite. Whatever the reason is, Charles M. is a great advocate of system and was never known to occupy a seat in any row except the top one. He always attends lectures, never takes notes, and does everything every day in the same systematic manner.



W. W. POINT, Huntington, West Virginia.

X Z X

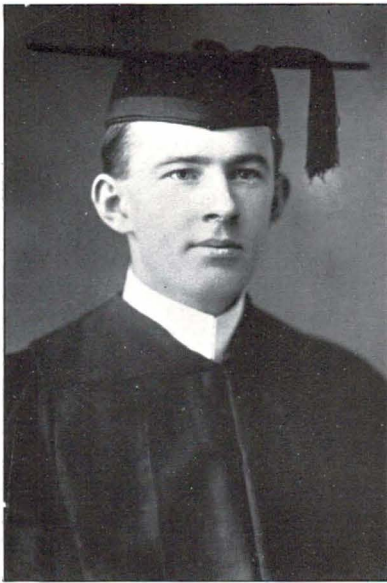
This boy is master of many trades. He is a newspaper man of no little ability, as well as a student of medicine. He boasts of holding the responsible position of reporter on the Charleston Mail, as well as being an officer in the Tin Horn brigade.

Recently he deserted the army and landed in P. & S. Many rewards have been offered for his capture, but they have been unsuccessful. As we understand the fair sex have a string on him, it is doubtful if he will ever be captured by the army officials.

He is now on the House Staff at Mercy, and when he finishes here he expects to return and become the army physician. Here is wishing you good luck, "Pointie."







RAYNOND J. QUINN ("Quinny"),  
Fall River, Mass.

This diminutive chap is the smallest of the Bay State colony. He is endowed with a wonderful memory. Ask him any question relative to medicine and you have your answer instantly.

Quinny is the wizard of the class. It is rumored that he intends to specialize in nervous diseases. He seldom has time for outside pleasures, generally confining himself to his books.

Quinny is bound to be heard from later.



S. REINA,

Palestine.

Reina has been with us four years, and during that time has seldom been cheated out of the front row. He is especially interested in the eye and ear, and future days perhaps will tell of his rapid strides in this line in his native country.

Reina is champion silent man of the class, and has a mania for taking notes.





LESLIE FAUGARY RUSMISELLE ("Rus"),

Φ B Π

Lortsville, Virginia.

Secretary and Treasurer CLINIC, 1911-'12.

This Adonis hails from "Lo-down" County, Va., and made his first appearance in a white and black checked suit and red necktie. Since then he has developed most refined taste in dress and has become one of our popular students. He works conscientiously and is sure to become a successful physician.



HARRISON RYDER ("Harry"), Hartford, Conn.

Skull and Sceptre, Φ P Σ

Clocks, dollar watches and wooden nutmegs! However, they are all guaranteed except the nutmegs—and if one could place a guarantee upon his fellow man, Harrison would surely be labeled. He dotes on Obstetrics and never complains when called out of a warm bed at 2 A. M., provided he is given sufficient time to stop by Horn & Hörn's for a cup of coffee.

His favorite remedy for the prevention of nervousness from impending calamity is "Yankee Doodle" whistled in true Northern style, and accompanied by perfectly timed foot-taps on the floor. His favorite axiom on such occasions is "Let nature take its course."





AMANDA SANCHEZ,

Camajuani, Cuba.

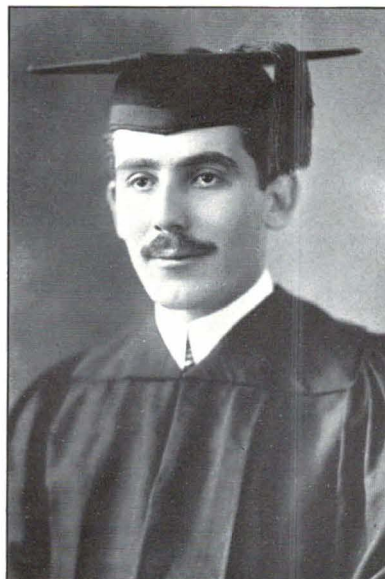
Born in the little Republic of Cuba, came to this country with the intention of becoming a Doctor in Medicine. After a long journey he arrived at P. & S., where he matriculated and started to work. He boasts of being a great obstetrician and is very fond of walking along the hospital wards. When he talks no one can understand him. After all we wish him success.



ELIAS SEGARRA ("Count"), Lares, Porto Rico.

Segarra—"Gathered all together and took his journey into a far distant land." He is a stylish dresser, has a quiet disposition and in College work is not found wanting.

Having spent seven years in the "States" he will return to Porto Rico, where good doctors are in demand.





WM. B. SCHAPIRO,

Baltimore, Md.

Φ Δ Ε

This gentleman is known by his appearance as the Beau Brummel of the class. Always spick and span, and always smiling, bearing malice toward none and good will toward all. He is also distinguished for his ease in answering quizzes and in writing examination papers. His pleasant moments are spent together with his friend Heller, with whom he is always seen.



CLYDE L. SEITZ,

Glen Rock, Pa.

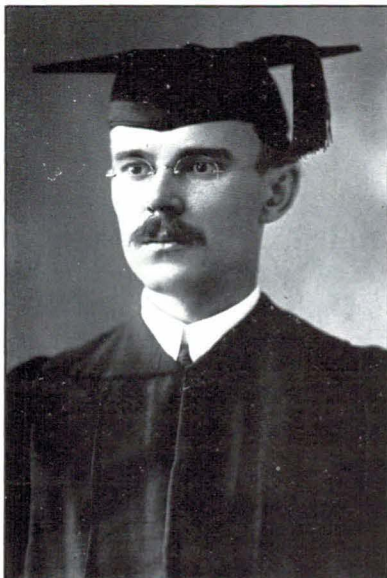
Φ Β Π

This is a typical York County Dutchman. If his aspirations materialize, he will some day have a mustache.

When a freshman he was referred to as embryo. He is still rather embryonic in size, but his mentality is far in advance of his stature.







ALEXANDER SENKERWITZ,

Russia.

An exile from Russia, an ardent Socialist. Senkerwitz has been with us four years. He is very ambitious, and is now devoting his spare time to G. U. work, in which he expects to specialize. He is one of the foreigners who is well liked, and we will be glad to see him get his M. D.



RICHARD O'B. SHEA ("Dick"), Westerly, R. I.

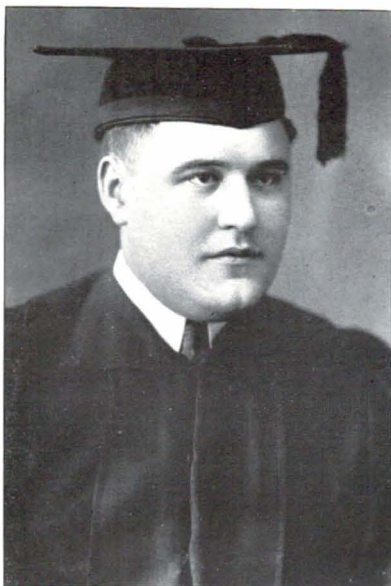
Dick is the only one we have to depend upon to uphold the honor and dignity of our class in "Little Rhody," being the only representative we have from that State.

An athlete in build, good-looking, and always charmingly garbed, he is a modern Beau Brummel.

Notwithstanding the absence of athletics in our school, he has been judged the champion Mexican athlete of the class.

Dick is a good student and will surely make good.





E. DREW SILVER,

Hightstown, N. J.

Φ X

President, '10-'11.

This young man has visibly expanded during his sojourn with us, physically at least, and we regret that we must qualify the statement to that degree.

However, we would not feel justified in turning him loose upon the suffering public without at least a semblance of a warning.

He will at least make good food for the "skeeters" in his native State.



RAYMOND J. STOCKHAMMER, New York, N. Y.

K Ψ

"Stocky" is some musician,  
All instruments he can play,  
The reason he's studying medicine,  
Is because music doesn't pay.

"He's getting along first rate, too,  
At class he's always seen,  
If he gets in a few minutes late,  
It's all because of 'Jean.' "





HENRY STRAUSS,

New York City.

Φ Δ Ε

We have been very fortunate to have had Henry, even if it were only for two years. He and his friend, Bill May, are quite an ornament to our worthy class. He has a good amount of dignity stored away for so little a body. He may be recognized by his quietness of manner, goodness of character, and ready intellect. If we were not extremely attached to him we might safely say that at times it seems that he has a grudge against himself, but knowing what we do, we are sure that such a diagnosis would be entirely wrong.



WM. LLOYD THOMPSON,

Milwaukee, Wis.

Φ Ρ Σ

*Complaint*—Has never been known to complain about anything.

*Past History*—Reared in cold Wisconsin where most good things make progress. *Result*—Healthy of body, vigorous of mind and intellect.

*Present History*—Roll call—always present—Eats quizzes alive. Arises early as in the cold regions. Has been seen making his rounds in the wards almost before sunrise.

Expert Anatomist and Chemist, President of Wisconsin State Board Medical Examiners, unassuming—shrewd, and a good fellow.

Prognosis—Favorable.





THOS. J. TOBIN ("Tobe"), Fall River, Mass.  
Capt. B. B. Club, 1910; Treas, 1911; Asst. Bus.  
Mgr. CLINIC, 1912.

This is another of the Bay State delegation, being easily the most popular man of that body, as well as the most popular man in the class.

Tobe is endowed with a wonderful personality which he uses to good advantage. Before lectures he always entertains the entire class in an uproar by his antics. He is a born comedian, and years hence the members of the class will recall his timely puns. He is also a benedict, which accounts for the way he has applied himself while among us. Da Costa and Osler are his favorite books.



THURMAN E. VASS ("Red"), Bluefield, W. Va.

K Ψ

*Complaint*—Hard study.

*Past History*—Obscure history of a Normal School, white vests and being a general favorite with the girls. Recent history of baseball victories.

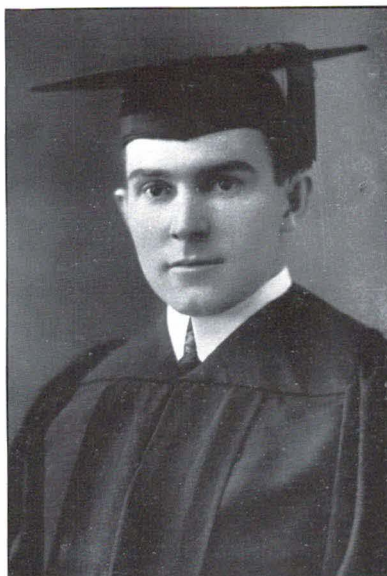
*Phys. Examination*—Very neat appearance, but has awfully red hair.

*Diagnosis*—A case of genuine interest in medicine, and exaggerated ideas as to the amount of studying he must do.

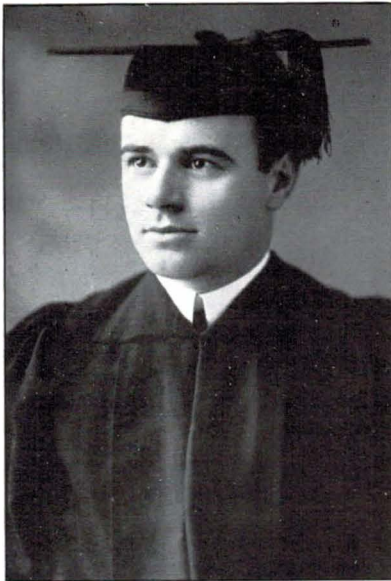
*Prognosis*—Good for medical profession.

*Treatment*—Give him plenty of money and a smoke, and the chances are he will make it.

NOTE.—If he is as bright on the inside of his head as he is on the outside he will make good.







EDWARD B. WELDON ("Ed"), Bridgeport, Conn.

Ed is another talented member of our class. His exhibition of his skill on the piano is hard to describe. Anything from Geo. Cohen to Grand Opera will find him at home.

His latest successful composition, "On the Mississippi," he has dedicated to his pal, Duncan Draughn.

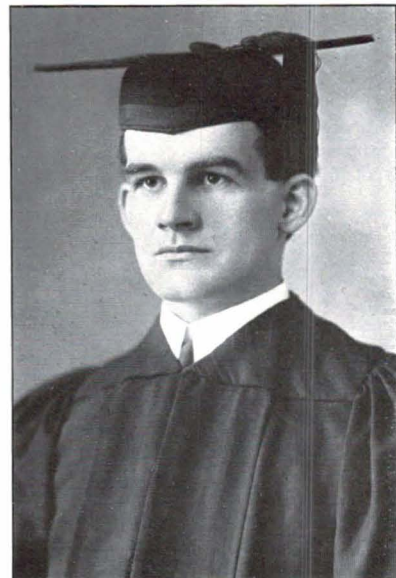
Ed is a general good-hearted fellow, who has worked hard to reach the coveted goal. Future years will tell us of a surgeon with a skill even more amazing than that of his musical attainments of today.



ROBERT P. WOODS, West Virginia.  
Executive Committee, 1912-'13.

An ardent admirer of Col. Roosevelt, which brought him into prominence, as he was always backing Brown in his bum arguments. Woods came to P. & S. determined to become an M. D., and his time is spent at home, where he can usually be found with a book trying to store up knowledge for future use.

He is the author of a complete set of notes on the third-year work. A good husband but a bum father.





JAMES E. WYANT, Ph.G. ("Jimmy"),

Φ B II, Θ N E

McKeesport, Pa.

Jimmy is a Dutch "speiler" of renown, which accounts for his eating saur kraut t i d. He uses cosmetics freely and in general takes great pride in his appearance. His petiteness and good looks impress the ladies most favorably.

Jimmy is a practical man and will not be found wanting.



ROLAND EDMOND WYNNE ("Windy"),

Jackson, Mississippi.

B Θ II, N Σ N

A man from many schools,  
Coats of many colors;  
Hair combed, chauffeur style,  
Socks and ties most any style.

*Chief complaint*—Nurses and widows.

*Symptoms*—Delusions of persecution.

*Diagnosis*—Gamble-o-phobia.

*Treatment*—"Give me my diploma."

*Results*—Practicing physician to Her Majesty—  
The Cotton Queen of the South.





JOSE DE ZANGOTITA,      Aquavilla, Porto Rico.

This man's name has given more trouble to the professors than any other in the history of P. & S., and anyone who has not a complete knowledge of the Spanish literature will certainly have trouble in pronouncing it. He speaks Spanish, and the way he mutilates the English language is a crime. He expects to be his family physician. Good luck to them. He believes in treating all of the infectious diseases with cinnamon water.

### Man!!

Man was born without a mate  
And left alone;  
But soon his wife was made for him  
Of purest bone.

'Tis said she came from just a rib;  
A Corollary  
That she was made from this instead,  
The Maxillary.

F. M.

Dr. Alexius McGlannan,  
114 West Franklin Street  
Baltimore, Md.

## The College Library



LIKE many other departments of the College, the Library has developed from the necessity for its existence. This stern mother has given us in succession laboratories, the museum, the small group teaching and all the improved methods and equipments that distinguish the best medical schools of today from those of the last generation.

Almost from the beginning, a small, severely technical library was started in each laboratory department as it was organized. A few special journals and some books were collected for the use of the workers in each field. The Library, as an entity, for the use of the entire College, and more especially as an aid to the work of the students, began thirteen years ago, when the College was rebuilt, with a gift of books from Dr. Thomas Opie and subscriptions to several medical journals from various members of the Faculty and Associates. Later, a librarian was regularly employed, the books and journals catalogued and the plan organized for work. In the last few years, the Year Book and the Library have joined forces in securing revenue. The proceeds of the Annual Theatre Party go to aid both causes.

The Faculty has always encouraged the Library by aid and support in emergencies. This year, however, they have voted the Library a definite Annual Appropriation for Maintenance.

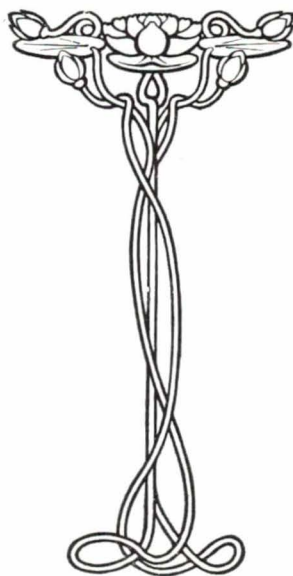
This Library is not intended to be one in which are collected rare books and ancient volumes, but it should have on its shelves some of the new text-books and monographs of general and special interest; certain technical works; a few of the medical classics; and a corner filled with the works of medical historians and humanists to illumine our pathway into the future by reflecting the brightness from the past. This latter corner will provide entertainment for many a dull hour and tired brain. Most of all, we need full files of the important journals, good dictionaries and similar reference books.

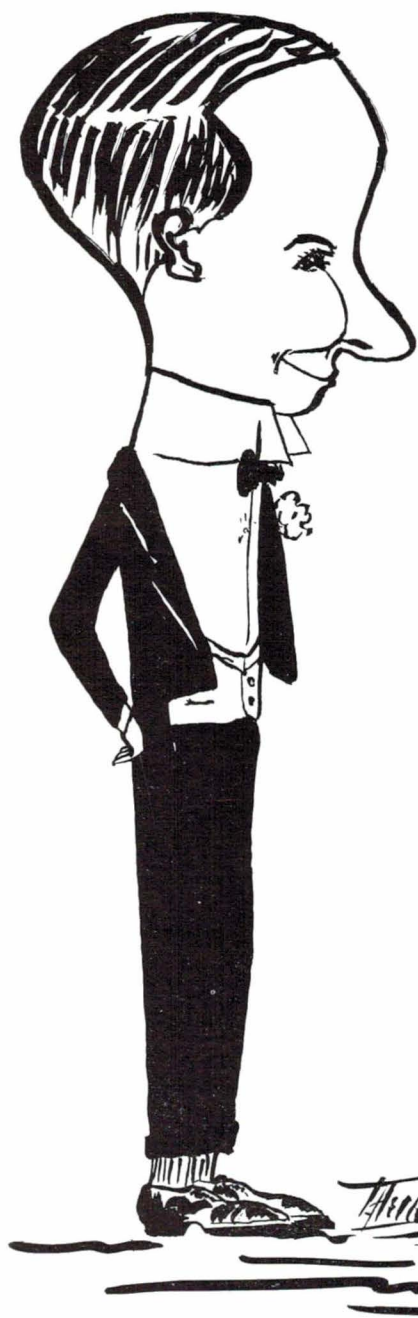
We have recently acquired the Index Medicus, a reference work whose intimate acquaintance is most important for any one who would keep abreast of the progress of medicine. Many books are beyond our purse or requirements.



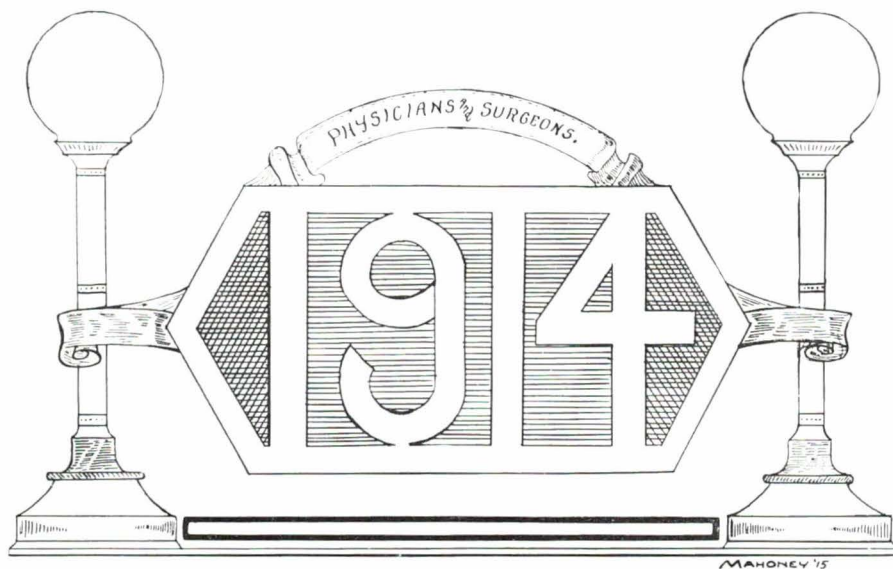
Our situation makes our needs different from those of most medical schools. The large library of the Medical and Chirurgical Faculty of Maryland is housed at a short distance from the College and our students are allowed its use. In arranging our list of journals and in buying books therefore, we avoid duplicating the files of this generous neighbor, and endeavor rather, to fill in some vacancy.

Ours is a Students' Library, it is intended to teach him how to use the current literature, how to round out his impressions by consulting original records, how to search the literature for assistance, and finally, how to record and report his own discoveries and observations; and to teach him the glory of his profession, its high aim, unending responsibilities and best rewards, from the pages of its history and the lives of its Fathers.





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## Junior History



NOTHER October has come and gone, another year has passed away in our onward march toward our goal.

As the members of the third course were journeying to Baltimore they were meditating of the new era, a new beginning in their life's history. They were debating the foundation which had taken two years to build. They were thinking of the anatomy, the physiology, the chemistry, the pathology, they were cogitating of the principles which they were about to synthesize. They had in mind the linking of the anatomy and pathology and called it medicine. They had in mind the synthesizing of the anatomy and physiology, and called it gynecology. They had in mind the curative means, the surgery and therapeutics. They were trying to unravel the complex doings, which they called chemistry, trying to disentangle and acquaint themselves with the physiological and pathological processes, which were continuously going on.

With these ideas in their heads the members of the Junior Class arrived on October first, nineteen hundred and twelve, determined to do their best. On that evening, Dr. William Simon encouraged the new class by giving an informal talk.

The men resolved to work, and strive, and thus to gain the good opinion of their Professors.

So determined, the third year men began straightening out matters in class. On October the twenty-first the annual election was held, at which time were chosen the following: President, O. H. Bobbitt; Vice-President, J. O. Williams; Secretary, H. A. Crossett; Treasurer, M. Carrera; Historian, H. Lipkin; Sergeants-at-Arms, H. S. Berman, B. W. Steele, A. McClung.

At the same time two vacancies on the Year Book Committee were filled, the result being: Grind Editor, J. J. Jenkins; Art Editor, L. L. Cramer.

This accomplished, the men continued their work peacefully and quietly, but soon they learned of the estranged relations between the College and the American Medical Association. But we were assured that everything would be well, and such proved to be the case. The College was again placed in Class "A," a distinction which it had held for many years.

Satisfied with this, the third-year men plodded their onward way. We were drawing close to a national election, and decided on November first to have a straw vote. The results were: Roosevelt, 21; Wilson, 12; Taft, 7; Debs, 2.

After election everybody became aware of the fact that the usual mid-year examinations were due, accordingly each and every student settled down to study. On December the sixteenth the first one was held, and on the twentieth, the last. This accomplished, everybody was eager to return home after an absence of three months.

The second half of the year, the second half of the new era began on January sixth, on which day the Juniors were eager to resume their work and studies. Everyone was determined to do his best and labor more diligently than ever before.

Fourteen days after our return THE CLINIC Board arranged for the "College Night." Accordingly, on January the twentieth, everybody went to see the "Yellow Jacket," the play selected for this occasion. Here and there one could see the venerable Professors, and seated and interspersed among them were the Juniors. The same congenial spirit, the intimacy between teacher and student was again clearly demonstrated, a fact which has been such a great part of our life at this College.

Again we were asked to lay our books aside, for on February sixth, Dr. Hall, of Chicago, honored us by giving a highly interesting, amusing, as well as instructive, address on the subject, "Eugenics."

Suddenly and without warning our Sergeants-at-Arms resigned their positions. An election was held immediately and that stalwart Californian, H. W. Smith, was elected in their stead.



The days are passing slowly, but surely. The year, which was begun in such earnestness and enthusiasm, the beginning of that great epoch is gradually coming to a close. Everywhere one can see the diligent thrifty workers scanning and perusing the lines of their text-books. They are striving to become better men, they are endeavoring to be able to help humanity, they are trying to become acquainted with the facts with which they will be able to assist their fellow men. Let us hope that by our perseverance and dint of hard labor and struggles we will be able to meet again in October, nineteen hundred and thirteen, to complete our structure, the foundation of which we started in nineteen hundred and ten.

“Whatever cheerful or serene,  
Supports the mind, supports the body too;  
Hence the most vital movement mortals feel,  
Is hope, the balm and life blood of the soul.  
It pleases and it lasts.”

HARRY LIPKIN, *Historian.*



## Junior Class Officers

### *President*

O. H. BOBBITT

### *Vice-President*

J. O. WILLIAMS

### *Treasurer*

M. G. CARRERA

### *Secretary*

H. A. CROSSETT

### *Historian*

H. LIPKIN

### *Sergeants-at-Arms*

B. W. STEELE

ALVIN McCLUNG

H. S. BERMAN

## Junior Class Roll

ARANKI, S. I.....	Palestine	LIPSKY, J.....	Maryland
BERMAN, H. S.....	Connecticut	MAHER, J. E.....	New Jersey
BOBBITT, O. H.....	West Virginia	MAYER, E. E.....	Maryland
CARRERA, M. G.....	Porto Rico	MILLER, L. G.....	Maryland
CATHER, R. H.....	West Virginia	McCLUNG, A.....	West Virginia
CRAMER, L. L.....	Pennsylvania	McGINLEY, W. E.....	Connecticut
CHRISTENSEN, N. A.....	Utah	McGEARY, W. C.....	Pennsylvania
CRANE, J. D.....	Maryland	McMANUS, J. P.....	Connecticut
CROSSETT, H. A.....	Ohio	MOOSE, F. M.....	Texas
FARRELL, C. A.....	Rhode Island	NOLAND, S. T.....	Virginia
FLEMING, C. S.....	West Virginia	PALITZ, L. M.....	Maryland
GAGNON, A. J.....	Rhode Island	PUJADAS, M.....	Porto Rico
GILLIS, A. J.....	Pennsylvania	RICHARDSON, W. B....	West Virginia
GORDON, A. T.....	West Virginia	ROHR, C. B.....	West Virginia
HALFERTY, H. E.....	Pennsylvania	ROHR, J. U.....	West Virginia
HEILMAN, H. C.....	Pennsylvania	ROSENTHAL, H. W.....	New Jersey
HOLLAND, S. H.....	Maryland	RILEY, E. D.....	New York
HOSMER, M. F.....	Massachusetts	SHIRKEY, I. G.....	West Virginia
JENKINS, J. J.....	West Virginia	STEELE, B. W.....	West Virginia
KHURI, H. B.....	Syria	STRAHAN, F. G. ....	New Jersey
KUHLMAN, H. S.....	Pennsylvania	STOCKDON, W. I.....	Pennsylvania
LAKE, E. T.....	Pennsylvania	SMITH, H. W.....	California
LANGIER, A. R.....	Porto Rico	VEGA, L. B.....	Porto Rico
LIPKIN, H.....	New York	WALKER, R. H.....	West Virginia
LANGER, HERBERT.....	New York	WILLIAMS, J. O.....	West Virginia
WEBSTER, J. B.....	Massachusetts		



1914



S. L. Aronson



C. R. Peck



M. Hosmer



J. J. Eskes



O. H. Bobbitt



F. M. Moore



M. E. Pujados



A. J. Gillis



J. D. Crane



J. de la Vega



H. C. Holman



W. B. Richardson



J. J. Jenkins



J. McClung



H. B. Khuri



W. C. Campbell



A. H. Langier



H. S. Kahlman



W. C. McGarry



B. W. Steele



L. M. Pelizz



H. W. Smith



S. T. Holand



Harry Lipkin

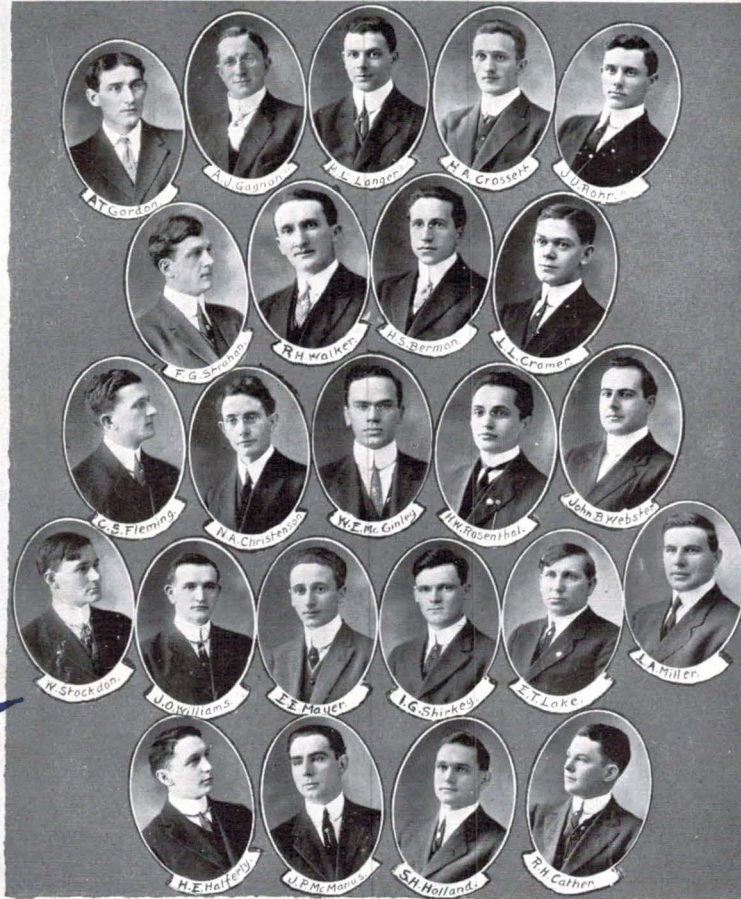


J. E. Toner





1914







## The New Possibilities in War



Put away the sword and bayonet,  
And retire the bullet gun ;  
No more use are big revolvers,  
Or the war dogs on the run ;  
That style is now antiquated,  
As the battery ram or pike  
And the weapons of the future  
Will more deadly terror strike.

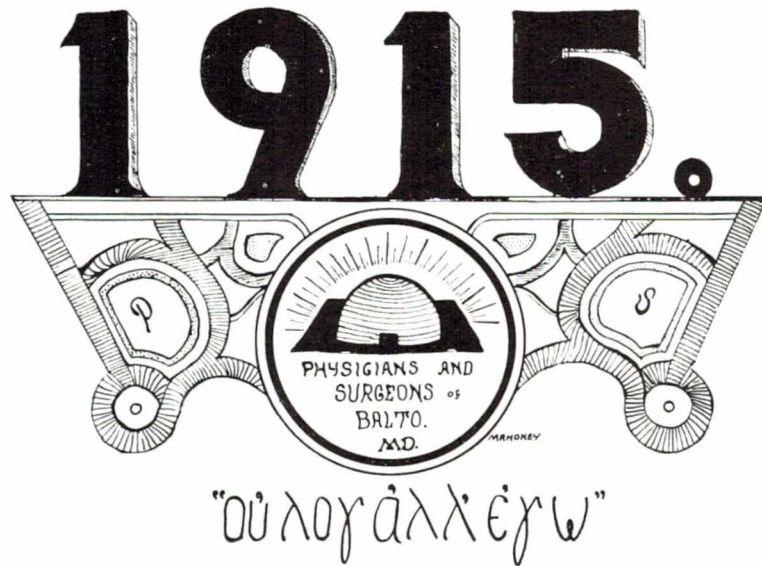
In the awful yawning muzzles  
Of the guns and cannons now,  
Will they put disease's microbes  
(Crown upon war science brow),  
And they'll fire the typhoid fever,  
In the form of wriggling germs  
In the foemen's secret system,  
Terrorizing it to squirms.

On the cholera bacilli  
They will use the place of shot,  
Tying up advancing armies  
In inoculating knot.  
And may finish up the warfare  
In a volley that's not vague,  
Substituting for Krupp Cannon  
Rounds of the bubonic plague.

A. R. L., '14.







## Sophomore History—Class of 1915



THE history of our class is so widely known to the Faculty, the students, the Baltimore police force and the public-at-large, that it seems almost vain repetition to recount again its glorious and far-reaching achievements. However, for the benefit of those few who may not have heard of our mighty deeds, I will endeavor to tell in a few words what should occupy the entire space of THE CLINIC. But before doing so, let me apologize to the humble Freshmen for any embarrassment and chagrin this history may cause them.

Upon our return to School, in the tenth month of the year, it is needless to say we centered our thoughts immediately upon the unsophisticated Freshmen. Society has never met the season's "debutantes" with as much concern as we gave to those would-be doctors. In order to greet them properly and make things as pleasant as possible, we re-organized our class and elected our leader for the coming year. When the votes were counted it was found that H. H. Johnson had been elected President; J. Nogueras, First Vice-President; W. H. Bash, Second Vice-President; F. X. Kearney, Secretary; W. R. McKenzie, Treasurer; L. K. Fargo, Historian; M. Morales and P. Cooper, Sergeant-at-Arms.

When our "debutantes" made their first bow to society, we were all in the receiving line and presented them with a beautiful set of rules on etiquette, which

they were advised to follow to the letter, so as to make a hit with the time-honored Upper Classmen. But our "debutantes" proved to be law-breaking, unconventional "suffragettes." Our duty was evident. We, as law-abiding citizens, would have to curb their wills and urge them to bow their heads to convention. 'Tis here, my discourse grows painful; but history is composed of facts, and the truth must be told.

We had requested the newcomers to enter by the rear door (as befitting their station in life), and queer, though it may seem to you, they refused, and tried to enter through our sacred portals. The result is known to everyone. Thrice they rushed, and thrice they were repelled. "Gently," do you ask? Not so, dear reader. Cuspidors, "tomatoeses," and an aqueous vengeance from heaven descended upon them. The earth quaked, pandemonium reigned everywhere, and "We" the "Sophs" were pandemonium. When the smoke of the battle cleared away, several of the embryo physicians were borne to the free ward upon shutters, and Officer Healy, of the Beauty Squad, was disgraced forever by the mark of a ripe tomato.

When the rest of the Freshies found they could not make a graceful entree, they withdrew hastily, and betook themselves to the S. P. C. A. for consolation with others of their kind.

After we had resumed our normal temperature, the cops advanced into our midst. They invited several of our most active members, namely, Johnson, Nohe and Molloy, to visit them at headquarters. During the interview which followed Officer Healy and some of his cohorts related our charming adventure to "His Honor," emphasizing the spit-toons, tomatoes, etc., and suffice it to say, his honorable personage was greatly pleased. Our colleagues then left their cards (?) and departed.

In the meantime, the phone rang at the P. & S. and a meek little voice floated through the receiver into Dean Lockwood's ear. "Doctor, this is the Freshman Class. Have the Sophomores gone? We would like very much to come to Dr. Fort's lecture."

Not content with our first victory, we later challenged the Freshies to another rush. It is needless to say they declined.

The next important sublime moment of our lives was the time when we watched "the little bird" while the photographer pressed the bulb. Our seraphic smiles appear in this edition.

It was now time to plug for the mid-year; and as our class is equally as ready for work as for play, we settled down and acquitted ourselves honorably. The boys then went home to enjoy the Xmas festivities, and a much deserved two-weeks' rest.

On Monday, January the twentieth, with our faces washed, our collars clean, and our best girls beside us, we gazed upon the shifting and alluring scenes of



the "Yellow Jacket," and you may be sure, our presence was a conspicuous feature of the show.

Our class has been in the swim all the time. We have in our midst world's famous athletes, poker players and Beau Brummels, who are continually making history for us. In addition we have a number who hold all ribbons, cups and leather medals for passing exams by the skin of their teeth. In short, we have done everything and everybody we could.

Dear readers, be not disheartened if I pause here and wipe my weary brow. The Class of 1915 is always making history for itself, and you will surely, aye, verily, hear from us in the next.

L. KENDALL FARGO, *Historian*.



## Sophomore Class Officers

### *President*

H. H. JOHNSON

### *First Vice-President*

J. NOGUERAS

### *Second Vice-President*

W. H. BASH

### *Secretary*

F. X. KEARNEY

### *Treasurer*

W. R. MCKENZIE

### *Historian*

L. K. FARGO

### *Sergeants-at-Arms*

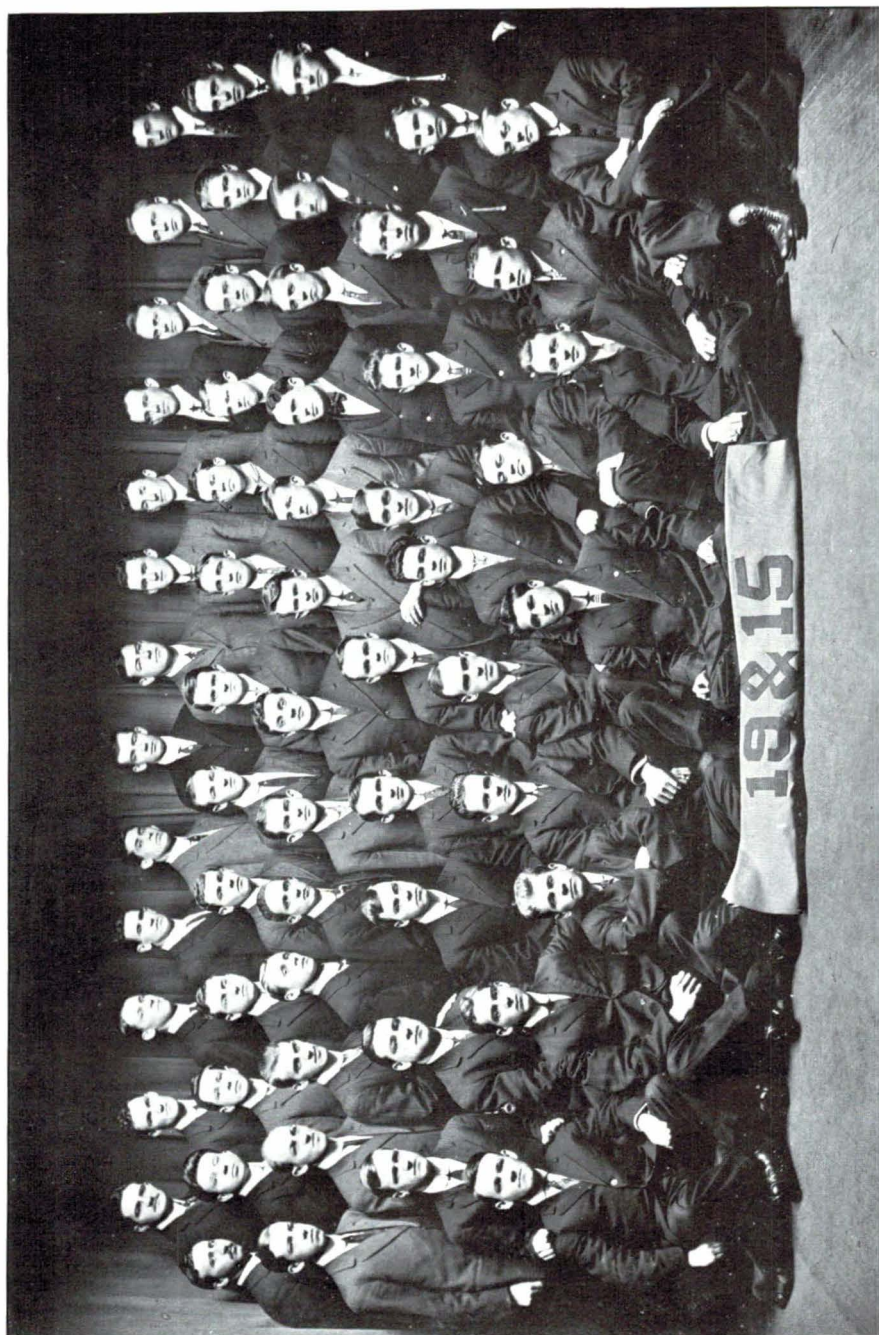
M. MORALES

P. COOPER



## Sophomore Class Roll

AYLER, WM. H. ....	Maryland	CONARTON, JOS. L. ....	Pennsylvania
ANDERSON, J. R. ....	Utah	DE MARTINI, S. A. ....	Washington
ARRACHI, J. S. ....	Porto Rico	FARGO, L. K. ....	Maryland
BRESLIN, R. H. ....	Rhode Island	FITZPATRICK, E. E. ....	Rhode Island
BERRIOS, VICTOR. ....	Porto Rico	FERNOS, A. ....	Porto Rico
BERRIOS, M. B. ....	Porto Rico	GOTT, E. F. ....	West Virginia
BASH, WM. H. ....	West Virginia	GOMEZ, A. ....	Cuba
CRANLEY, THOS. C. ....	Connecticut	GARDNER, H. E. ....	Massachusetts
COOPER, PRINCE. ....	West Virginia	GONZALES, L. F. ....	Porto Rico
COHN, ALEX. ....	Maryland	GALVIN, THOS. K. ....	Maryland
CALLAGHAN, A. E. ....	West Virginia	GRIFFITH, JOS. H. ....	Pennsylvania
CREW, WM. L. ....	Maryland	HEARN, W. O. ....	West Virginia



## Sophomore Class Roll—Continued

HOLMES, C. M. ....	Massachusetts	PURCELL, E. C. ....	Porto Rico
JOHNSON, H. H. ....	Massachusetts	PESQUERA, G. L. ....	Porto Rico
JACKSON, A. J. ....	Massachusetts	QUINONES, N. ....	Porto Rico
JONES, J. W. ....	Maryland	RENZ, O. W. ....	Pennsylvania
KEARNEY, F. X. ....	Maryland	RODERICK, A. J. ....	Massachusetts
LEVY, M. ....	Florida	ROGERS, H. L. ....	Virginia
LYON, C. L. ....	West Virginia	RAEMORE, M. L. ....	Pennsylvania
LYNCH, WM. J. ....	Connecticut	RYAN, R. J. ....	Connecticut
LOHAN, J. B. ....	West Virginia	SAVANNAH, J. G. ....	New Jersey
LINGER, BASIL. ....	West Virginia	STEWART, H. M. ....	Massachusetts
LAW, H. D. ....	West Virginia	SPANGLER, C. C. ....	Pennsylvania
LOWSLEY, A. S. ....	California	SAYRE, R. W. ....	West Virginia
MUFFLY, C. R. ....	Pennsylvania	SPALDING, W. C. ....	Texas
MORALES, M. ....	Porto Rico	SPROWLS, G. E. ....	Pennsylvania
MARTIN, F. S. ....	Maryland	STALEY, E. B. ....	Pennsylvania
MATHI, J. H. ....	Illinois	TORRES, J. R. ....	Porto Rico
MOLLOY, C. J. ....	Maryland	TORRES, L. F. ....	Porto Rico
MENDIN, J. J. JR. ....	Porto Rico	THORUP, J. M. ....	Utah
MAHONEY, V. L. ....	Pennsylvania	THOMAS, E. L. ....	Ohio
MORRISON, T. H. ....	Maryland	TICKLE, T. G. ....	West Virginia
McCALLION, W. H. ....	New Jersey	TADENSICK, B. H. ....	New Jersey
McKENZIE, W. R. ....	Pennsylvania	TRACHTENBURG, ISRAEL. ....	New York
NOGUERAS, J. J. ....	Porto Rico	WOODALL, R. E. ....	West Virginia
NOHE, C. C. ....	West Virginia	WELTNER, F. P. ....	West Virginia
PECK, R. S. ....	West Virginia	WEST, H. G. ....	Connecticut
PERRY, H. G. ....	North Carolina		







## That Fresh-Soph. Fight



Here are orders that were given to the Fresh men, first-year class,  
By the Sophies great in number when assembled in a mass;  
"Wear ye each a cap of colors with a top of shining brass,  
Smoke ye not of pipes of fashion, as becomes the upper class.

"Call us Doctor when you meet us, bow your head in honor too,  
Enter not in at the front door, it was never meant for you,  
But sneak ye through the back door of the College P. & S.  
Will there be trouble if you violate these rules? H—I yes!!!

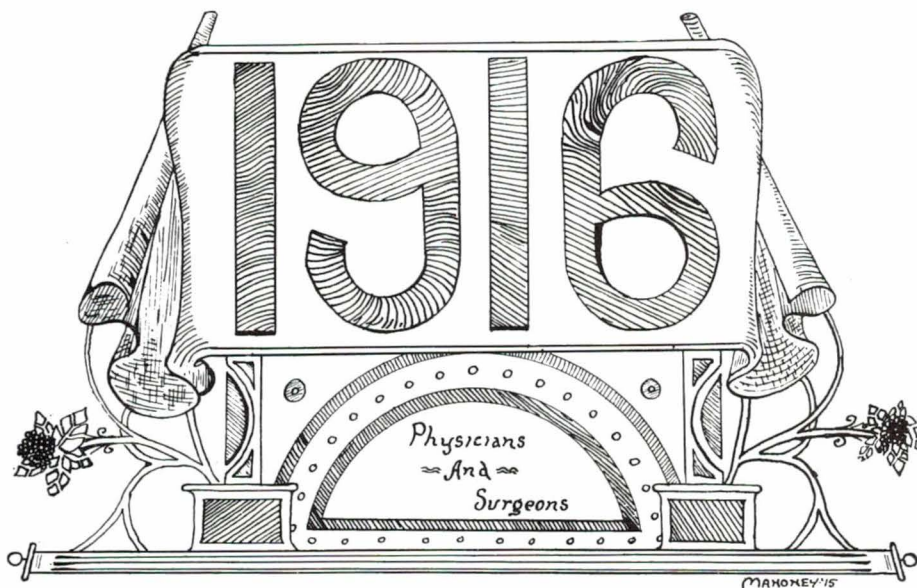
The Freshmen did not want to be imposed upon, and thought they'd fight,  
They met up town and then came down in numbers great and anger white,  
They charged the door, they attacked the Sophs, they thought at once that they  
would win,  
But the Sophs were there, and there to stay and head them back with a dozen men.

Then from the windows up above came water by the bucketful,  
And round the corners came the Cops not knowing whom they were to pull.  
Tomatoes that were over ripe, and cuspidors also came down  
Upon the Struggling mass beneath as well as Cops, now on the ground.

The officers then made a raid and led three Sophomores to town,  
Then Freshmen flew as mice before a cat, and soon were not around  
The School, but scattered far and near and lived awhile in Jones' Falls.  
Thus came to an end a fearful fight, and peace now reigns in our old hall.

F. M., '14.





## History of Freshman Class

**E**VEN as the Indian Chiefs of old tore away from their squaws to assemble at the grand council, so the Freshmen tore away from mothers, fathers, brothers, sisters and, last but not least, sweet-hearts, to assemble at the grand old College of P. & S.

Though small in number each had those characteristics which mark men of superior knowledge, fathomless intelligence, and undaunted courage.

Having placed in your mind a vague picture of these noble Freshmen, we will now proceed to relate the events that have thus far marked the course of the class.

After being introduced into the mysteries of Osteology, Physiology, Chemistry, etc., we were interrupted from our conscientious work by a committee from the haughty Sophomores, presenting the so-called "Ten Commandments," which in the minds of these noble Freshmen deprived them of self-respect and wanted rights.

This procedure on the part of the Sophs necessitated prompt action by the Freshmen, who immediately called a meeting and elected their officers. Then, having organized, they decided that so worthy a body of men should, under no circumstances, lower and humiliate themselves to such an extent as to obey rules laid down by Sophomores.

But on arriving at the College a few mornings later, what should confront them but the combined forces of these Sophs completely filling the front entrance. Though outnumbered two to one and being at the disadvantage of a lower position and having to take the aggressive, these Freshmen were not to be awed by the mighty yells and the great number of their antagonists. Lead by the brave President, they rushed the door time after time, only to be driven back by the great number of the Sophs.

Yet, among the cries and cheers of the onlookers and upper-classmen, they, struggling against so great a number, ceased not until the police interfered.

Thus ended the famous Annual Rush, neither side can claim victory, but the Freshmen have lived up to no rules and, in this respect, the Sophs have lost.

After thus having shown the quality of the class all returned to work, thinking of naught but knowledge to be gained and exams to be passed.

Christmas came and all rejoiced to again be with those never-to-be-forgotten ones at home. Yet, when the time came to return to the School halls of P. & S., there were none who were not eager to again take up the study of that best of all professions—Medicine.

Our next unknown, but soon to become familiar task, was dissecting. All entered into this with a sort of savage joy, vieing with each other in wielding the knife.

Even the most zealous workers find time for pleasure, so the class of '16 found time to attend the Annual Theatre Party at Ford's.

The theatre was completely adorned with pennants and banners of old gold and purple, the banners of '16 being not the least conspicuous.

As we now approach the end of our first year in the study of our chosen profession, it is with unfeigned pleasure and pride that we look back over our career as Freshmen.

CHARLES DE FEO, *Historian*.





## Freshman Class Officers

### *President*

WILLIAM GERVAIS

### *Vice-President*

MARIANO RIERA, JR.

### *Secretary*

B. H. BIDDLE

### *Treasurer*

ABRAHAM STERNCHUSS

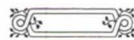
### *Historian*

CHARLES DE FEO

### *Sergeants-at-Arms*

WALTER MUFFLY

HUMPHREY WOLFE



## Freshman Class Roll

AIKMAN, D. M. . . . . Pennsylvania  
BAGGOTT, B. T. . . . . Maryland  
BIDDLE, B. H. . . . . Ohio  
CUNNINGHAM, T. P. . . . Rhode Island  
CANNON, JAMES M. . . . West Virginia  
DUNNE, E. P. . . . . Connecticut  
DEL TIRO, JUAN C. . . . . Porto Rico  
DE FEO, CHARLES. . . . . Connecticut  
FERNANDEZ, ERNESTO. . . . Porto Rico  
FONT, JOHN H. . . . . Porto Rico  
FONT, A. J. . . . . Porto Rico  
FOXWELL, R. K. . . . . Maryland  
FELDMAN, MAURICE. . . . . Maryland  
FLYNN, WILLIAM H. . . . . Connecticut  
FOLEY, M. J. . . . . Connecticut  
GERVAIS, W. A. . . . . Massachusetts  
GRUETZNER, E. T. . . . . Pennsylvania  
GONZALES, FELIPE. . . . . Porto Rico  
HARTIGAN, J. W. . . . . West Virginia  
HOWARD, L. H. . . . . Maryland  
HARRINGTON, F. J. . . . . Massachusetts  
LAWSON, L. A. . . . . West Virginia

LUPTON, C. H. . . . . North Carolina  
MUFFLY, WALTER. . . . . Pennsylvania  
MCLEAN, GEORGE. . . . . Maryland  
MADDEN, W. L. . . . . New Jersey  
MORALES, R. R. . . . . Porto Rico  
NAGOURNEY, LEON. . . . . New Jersey  
O'CONNELL, D. J. . . . . Rhode Island  
O'BRIEN, T. J. . . . . Connecticut  
PETERSON, A. T. . . . . Massachusetts  
POST, G. R. . . . . West Virginia  
RODRIGUEZ, M. G. . . . . Porto Rico  
RIERA, MARIANO. . . . . Porto Rico  
STANSBURY, FRED. . . . . West Virginia  
STERNCHUSS, ABRAHAM. . . . Connecticut  
SHILKE, P. A. . . . . Pennsylvania  
TIERNEY, E. F. . . . . Rhode Island  
TANNER, W. L. . . . . Connecticut  
TESCIONE, FRANK. . . . . Rhode Island  
TUTE, THOS. . . . . Rhode Island  
TORRES, FRANK A. . . . . Porto Rico  
WOLFE, H. D. . . . . Maryland

October 14th, 1912



THE morning broke dark and dreary, little drops of rain pattered softly on the resounding blocks. The bell in the tower tolled the hour of nine. Footsteps are heard and soon Sophomores could be seen lurking in the hallway of the College.



Low and behold, who turneth yonder corner? The dauntless "Freshies" without the prescribed head adornment and buttons. They, with hastened, but determined footsteps, descend the steep incline of Saratoga Street. Dignified Seniors and Juniors—heroes of past rushes—seek points of vantage from upper windows, where to behold the annual struggle. The "Freshies," wishing to gain entrance by the front way, irrespective of the rules given to them, rush up the steps, but to no avail, being repulsed by the waiting "Sophs."

The crisis of the battle is on. In fond (?) embrace, both "Sophs" and "Freshies" roll down the entrance steps and into the street. First it is one and then the other who is uppermost.

When suddenly there appears in their midst "300 pounds of detective" who chanced to be strolling by, enjoying the morning air. Recklessly he extended his hand towards the heavens to bid them stop, and as if prearranged, water in buckets rain upon him. This reception naturally provoked our "Sherlock Holmes" and he summons aid in the shape of a squadron of officers, "The City's Finest." These, after having their uniforms bespattered by a continuous downpour of "aqua pura," intermingled at times with the descent of an over-ripe tomato, are very much incensed, and with a bravery astounding, they take three of the luckless Sophomores into custody. The "Hotel Central" being almost within a stone's throw, and the infuriated classmates of the unfortunates behind them, the "brass-buttoned guardians of the law" conduct the prisoners there.

This "hostelry" being much overcrowded, the clerk at the desk assigns the three new arrivals to a single room. Their laughter and singing, however, being of a great disturbance to the other guests, it was deemed advisable to remove one from their midst before long. This one walked slowly to the desk and asked for his bill. Owing to the height of the season the rooms were rather expensive, and he was charged \$11.45, which was paid by loyal friends who had gathered these greenbacks an hour or so before.

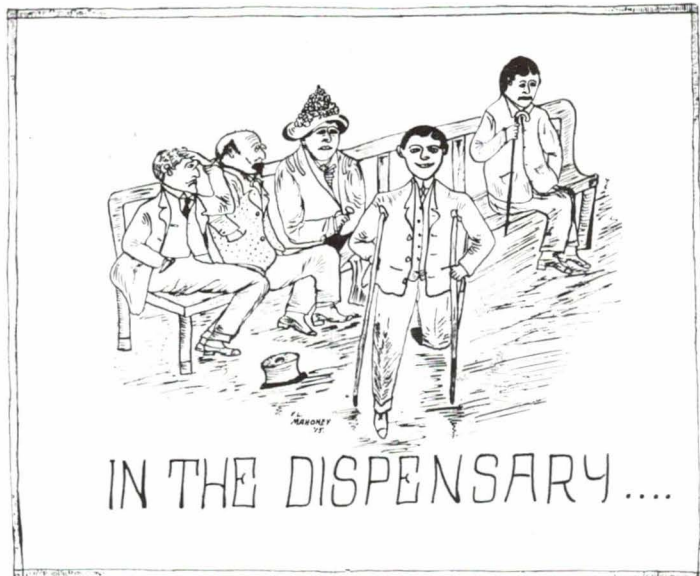
It was rumored on all sides that the meals at the "hotel" were not very nutritious, therefore a dinner was purchased for the other two. Following this repast

they also decided to leave, and after their bill of \$16.45 a piece was settled—extra charges being added for having meals in their room—they left in the company of their friends. Before this, however, they listened attentively to a lecture by the manager of the “hotel”—Justice Supplee—who spoke of the duties of the public in the vicinity of hospitals.

For several days following some of their newly-acquired friends of the “hotel” were asked to spend a few hours with them in the College, and many pleasant moments were passed, telling stories in Superintendent Sweeney’s office.

The presence of these “Bulls” or “Cops,” as they are better known, frustrated all attempts on the part of the “Sophs” to make the “Freshies” behave, and only the annual ball game between the two classes can decide the victor.

“KID,” ’14.





# The Sleepy Sickness Club

*Founded*

October 1, 1912.

*Headquarters.*

Class rooms during Lecture.

## OFFICERS:

Sleepy President. . . . . L. G. Miller '14  
Sleepy Vice-President. . . . . J. U. Rohr '14  
Sleepy Treasurer. . . . . P. Cooper '15  
Sleepy Secretary. . . . . C. Bell '13

## MEMBERS IN GOOD STANDING:

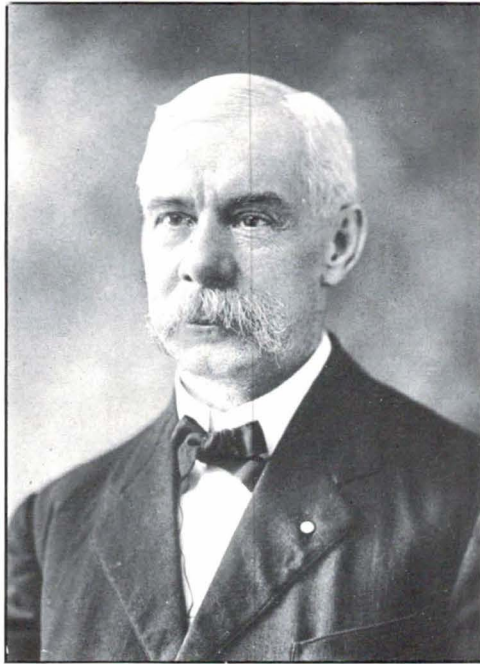
A. J. Gagnon, '14	L. Barnes, '13
I. Trachtenberg, '15	C. Farrall, '14
C. B. Rohr, '14	R. Foxwell, '16
H. W. Strauss, '13	L. Fargo, '15
Muffy, '16	Myles, '13
Tierney, '16	S. E. Enfield, '13
R. H. Cather, '14	W. J. Gatti, '13

T. F. E. Bess, '13

## RULES AND REGULATIONS FOR SLEEPERS:

1. Any one desiring admittance to our "Sleepy Club" must be able to sleep during any lecture.
2. Active members must be regular sleepers, and must sleep at least during two or three lectures every day.
3. Wakefulness during an entire lecture may liable a member to suspension for an indefinite period.
4. It is advisable for members to sleep with chin resting on chest in sitting position.
5. To sleep successfully and undisturbed, members should choose seats behind poles and in the rear of the room.
6. Members who are able to sleep during clinics and minor operations are in line for promotion.
7. Members who can sleep during quizzes are sure to occupy an office during the next administration.

## In Memoriam



**R** OBERDEEN ANNAN, born October 1st, 1842, died July 14th, 1912. He leaves a widow, two sons, and three daughters to mourn his loss. He was an ideal home man, loving and considerate, showing those commendable characteristics there, which distinguished him in his relations at the College. If a man is judged by his home life, surely he deserves the "blue ribbon," for his was exemplary.

In 1861, when the States were divided against each other, he chose to defend his beloved Southland, serving under both Stonewall Jackson and Lee. Many are the reminiscences told of how whole-heartedly and bravely he served. He suffered all kinds of privations without a murmur.

At one time on being taken prisoner by the Federals, he was confined in a military prison with a thirty-two pound ball and chain as a reminder, at another time he was left on the battle field as dead.

He belonged to the Knights Templars, was an active member of the Royal Arcanum, and an enthusiastic member of the Isaac Trimble Camp. For over ten years he was clerk at the P. & S. College, and so much did he become a part of the Institution that he was a landmark. The old students on returning from vacation always looked first for his welcoming smile, and the "Freshie" was always enjoined by the people who sent him to go directly to Mr. Annan. Many are the Doctors now out in practice and upper-classmen who remember that "first timid entrance" and the fatherly welcome received from him. He always felt that the students were his boys, and among the most poignant regrets they experienced on leaving their Alma Mater were felt when this foster father bid them au-revoir and Godspeed.

He was a quiet, lovable man, a true gentleman of the "ancien regime," courteous to all, considerate, and self-sacrificing, and when he had to chide the boys there was a twinkle in his frank eyes that seemed to say, "Alright, I'm a boy, too." Everyone liked him and felt that he was a comrade, a sort of "big brother," who was always ready with counsel and help.

This undecorated soldier, beloved of all our rank and file,  
Ever ready, every faithful, prey of all the student's wiles,  
Ever thoughtful of our comfort, ever just and true as steel,  
Courteous and so faithful, that he made the "Freshies" feel  
Quite at home, then leading gently helped them 'til they grew quite  
bold,

Imbued with his pride and fondness, for the Purple and Old Gold.  
He has answered to the roll-call, he has crossed the Great Divide—  
With his comrades of the '60's he is near his Master's side.  
And perhaps it is still better that his busy life is done,  
He has watched the countless classes disappearing one by one,  
He has done his duty fairly, and has acted out his part,  
He's entitled to a furlough for his brain and for his heart.

Inasmuch as the Divine Master has at last sounded "Taps" for our erstwhile comrade, and

Whereas, his sunny optimism did so much to lighten and brighten our College days, and

Whereas, the death of this faithful husband, father and friend, has left all who knew him "shrouded in the mantle of regret,"

Be it Resolved, That we, the students of the College of Physicians and Surgeons, unite with common impulse in paying this tribute and extend to his family our heartfelt sympathy, for their loss is our loss, and with them we long

"For the touch of the vanquished hand,  
And the sound of the voice that is still,  
Yet in all our desolation one consolation abides.

"There is no Death! What seems so is transition;  
This life of mortal breath is but a suburb of the life elysian,  
Whose portal we call Death."

And upon Mr. Annan's brow already has fallen the "golden dawning of the grander day."

ISIDOR HELLER, '13,  
FRANK G. STRAHAN, '14,  
C. CLYDE NOHE, '15,  
Committee.



## The Doctor, and the Man



FROM the early periods of history down through all ages to the present time, there has been disease in the world. And, in spite of all the valuable sera, vaccines, and antitoxins for the prevention of disease, and the various new fangled therapies for its cure, it seems apparent that this will be in the future, largely, as it has been in the past.

Since this is true the Doctor will be just as indispensable in the future as he has been in the past, or is at the present time. For the Doctor is indispensable, he is the one man necessary to the community. It would be possible to get along without the lawyer, the merchant, the banker, or to a certain extent the manufacturer, but without the Doctor, the people would have a sorry time, indeed.

As he is a personage of so much importance, what are some of his qualifications?

In the first place for him to be successful, in the true sense of the word, he must be a person of character; he must be a man before becoming a Doctor. No one, not even the minister, receives the confidence of the people as does he. They tell him the histories of their lives in a confidential way, and he is expected to treat them accordingly. He must be self-sacrificing, for his time is not his own, it belongs to the community.

He knows not one hour where he may be called the next. Nor does he, like other men, have the assurance that he will have the night for rest. Sickness comes at night just as in daytime, and, as this is true, he must always be ready to answer calls and go where needed.

Then, too, he must be a man who inspires trust and confidence. How anxiously the father and mother wait for his arrival when their child has fallen and broken an arm, or when, it may be, he is choking with croup or burning with fever. What a look of relief comes into their faces when he arrives.

Perhaps the next important factor is education. He must be an educated man; as the fact that the medical colleges require so much preliminary education, seems to testify. When he has obtained this preliminary education his medical education begins. He must learn the anatomical structure of the various parts of the body, the functions of its different organs, how these structures and functions become altered in disease, and how to treat the diseased conditions.

He must also learn how to sew up a wound or set a broken bone and many other things of equal importance. When his College course is over his education is by no means complete, indeed, we may say, it's only begun. He now becomes a student of human nature and studies individual cases. Aside from all those things of professional importance he must also have a general knowledge. He is to become a teacher, in many cases, as well as a Doctor.

Then on the other hand, he must not expect too much from the people in return, or he is likely to be disappointed. Some persons, far too many, seem to think that the Doctor should go to see them whenever he is called, no matter where that may be, and no matter how trivial a thing they wish to consult him about, and then, when well, seem to forget that he has done anything for them, and fail to recompense him in any way. Fortunately this cannot be said of all. But it is true that he does not at all times receive his due from the people.

This has been beautifully illustrated in a story, the substance of which is as follows:

"Two brothers, a lawyer and a doctor, live in the same city. On a certain evening the lawyer, 'mid the clapping of hands and shouts of applause from many voices, comes from the court room, where he has just been instrumental in obtaining the freedom of a man who was charged with a grave crime, and whom he knew to be guilty. The newspapers sing his praises and he receives a large fee for his work. Meanwhile, his brother, the Doctor, with slow footsteps and heavy eyelids, comes from a poor man's house in another part of the city, where he has spent the night and the greater part of the day, fighting just as hard, not for one life, but for two. Just before leaving he has assured the man that his wife and child, just born, will live.

"He is met by no cheering multitude, and gets nothing for his work but that look of gratitude which comes into the father's eyes when assured of the safety of his loved ones."

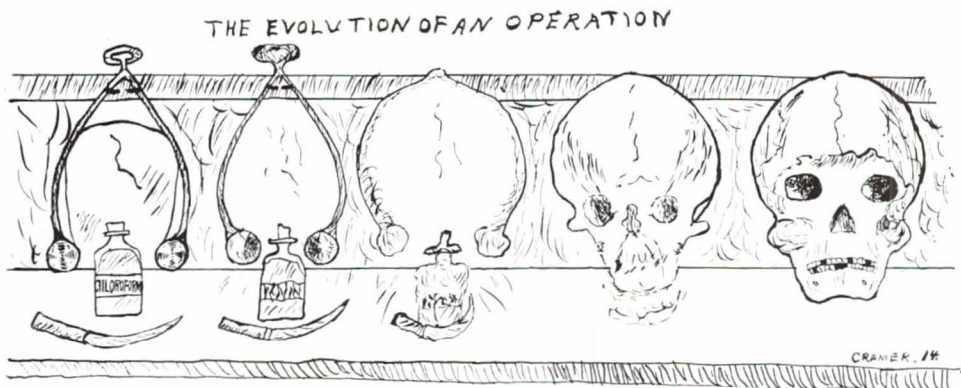
Surely in this instance the people made the mistake of bestowing their honor on the wrong man, and such is often the case, when the work of the Doctor is being considered.

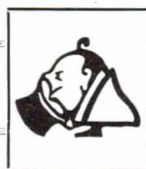
But the life of the Physician is not wholly without its bright side. Some persons do not forget that he has feelings like other individuals. Then, too, he has the satisfaction, sometimes at least, of seeing the successful termination of some severe illness or some difficult operation.

To these facts must be added the pleasure of knowing that he is doing something worth while. And then, when the shadows of his life begin to lengthen, he—if he has been true to his profession—can look back over his work, and be content in the knowledge that he has helped to make this world a little better place in which to live.

His profession is a noble one, and it is his duty to do nothing that would bring dishonor upon it. He should try to do his part to the best of his ability, and in such a way that when he makes his last call, gives his last dose of medicine, and goes to his reward, he may there be able to come face to face with the Great Physician, and truthfully to say, "I have finished the work which Thou gavest me to do."

HOWARD C. HEILMAN, '14.





## The Quiz

When the Prof. gets out his roll book  
And he looks around the room,  
Then you get that funny feeling,  
That you're goin' to meet your doom.

When he reaches for his pencil  
And you hear him clear his throat;  
Then your heart starts in a thumpin'  
And you feel he's got your goat.

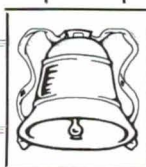
If your name is near the first ones,  
You can safely place a bet,  
That before the hour is over  
You'll be one of those he'll get.

Then you'll whisper to a fellow  
With a sad look in your eyes,  
"I don't know a blessed thing,  
Don't forget—and—put me wise"!

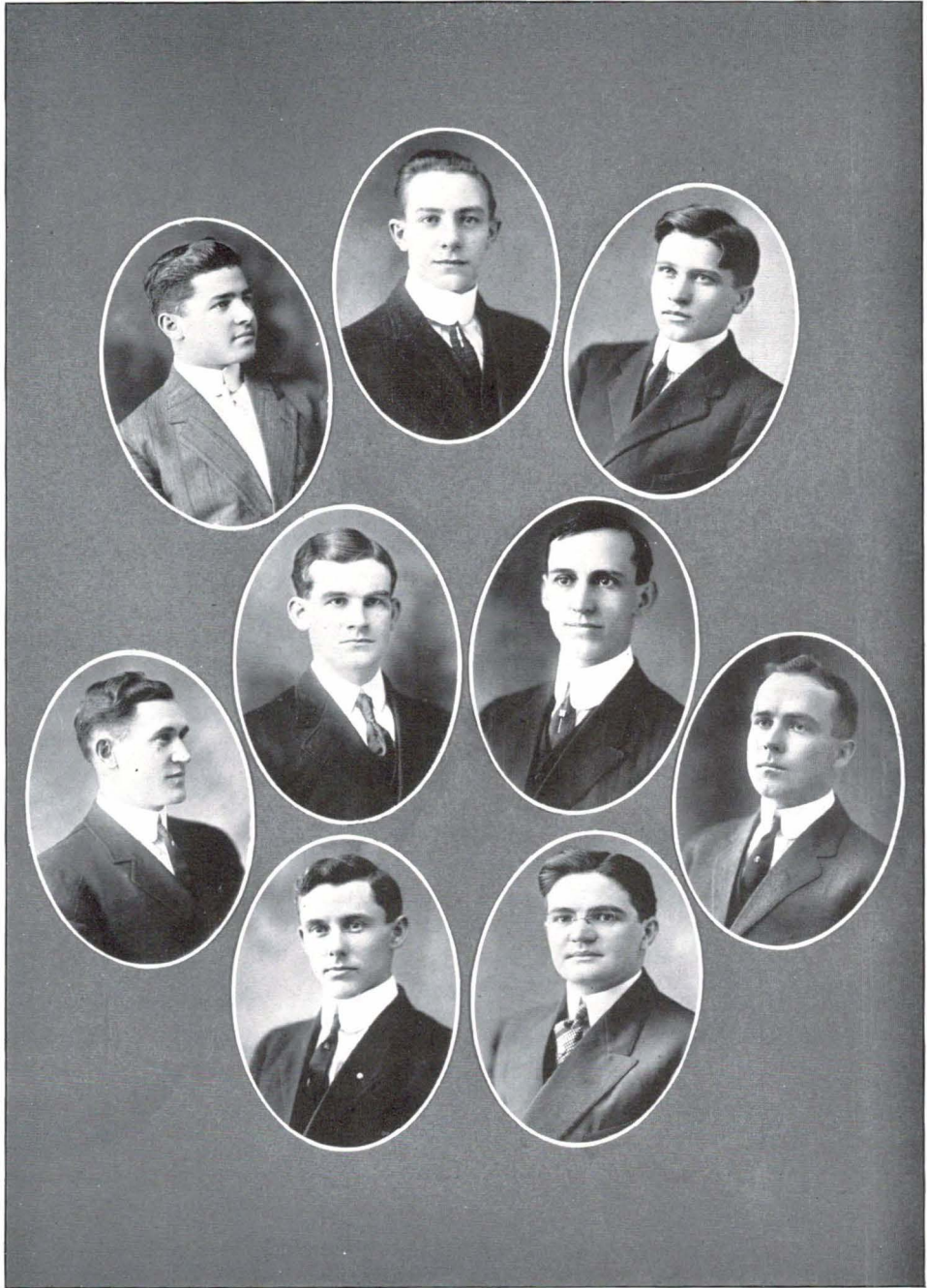
And at last you think he's got you  
When he gets right near your name;  
While the minutes pass like hours  
And the hours pass the same.

Then when everything is quiet,  
And you sit there in a spell,  
You hear the sweetest sound of all  
For Sweeney rang the bell'

"KID," '14.







Y. M. C. A. OFFICERS

## Y. M. C. A. Officers

### *President*

R. M. BOBBITT

### *Vice-President*

J. U. ROHR

### *Treasurer*

T. F. E. BESS.

### *Secretary*

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### *Intercollegiate Secretary.*

A. E. LINDLEY

### *Bible Study Chairman*

R. P. WOODS

### *Mission Study Chairman*

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### *Membership Chairman*

R. T. BERNABE

### *Athletics Chairman*

J. B. LOHAN

### *Social Chairman*

J. J. JENKINS

### *Meeting Chairman*

R. S. PECK

## Y. M. C. A. Members

T. G. Tickle  
F. G. Strahan  
B. W. Steele  
J. U. Rohr  
C. L. Mowrer  
F. M. Moose  
C. L. Lyon  
J. B. Lohan  
H. S. Kuhlman  
B. H. Khuri  
J. J. Jenkins  
E. T. Flora  
C. S. Fleming  
Charles DeFoe

Joseph Cobian  
R. M. Bobbitt  
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R. T. Bernabe  
T. E. Bess  
R. S. Peck  
R. P. Wood  
J. C. Doughty  
G. E. Sprowles  
G. R. Post  
C. B. Rohr  
A. R. Langier  
H. W. Smith  
P. B. Steele

E. E. Mayer

## Y. M. C. A. History



THE Young Men's Christian Association at the College of Physicians and Surgeons is a branch of the Intercollegiate Department of the City Association. This Branch is under the management of a committee composed of two doctors from each of the medical schools, Doctors F. D. Sanger and Emil Novak being the representatives from the P. & S.

The purpose of the local Association is to help raise the moral tone of the P. & S. It is the only organization in the College that seeks to develop the all around man—the development of the body, mind, and spirit. Every student can become a member, either Active or Associate.

Recognizing the fact that young men thrown into the complex life of the city have a tendency to dissociate the spiritual from the practical every-day life, it has been the aim of the Y. M. C. A. workers to secure practical men to speak to the students on practical subjects. Our weekly meetings this year have been most gratifying. We have also had some prominent men to address the different classes and the student body as a whole from time to time; among whom were E. C. Mercer, Dr. W. S. Hall and Dr. Roys.

The interest manifested in the local Association this year by both students and faculty has been very encouraging. The opening reception was well attended by both new and old students. Bible study has taken firm root and the outlook is good. We hope to have several good classes next year. Get into one! We believe that Bible study is a great factor in the moulding of a strong character. Twenty men were enrolled as stewards in the "World in Baltimore," and rendered good service. The Association has placed several magazines and papers in the College Reading Room this year with good results, and next year we expect to increase this number.

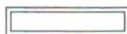
The hope of the Association is that every student may feel that he is a part of it, and that he has a contribution to make to this College organization.



**O H!**

See that hurry 'mong the students!  
What's the cause of all those movements?  
Is there a fight, an accident,  
Or a man on murder bent?  
Neither one, but here is why,  
There's a "chicken" passing by.

F. M., '14.



## Cure for Love

Take—

12 ounces of dislike  
1 lb. of resolution  
2 grs. of common sense  
2 ozs. of experience  
1 large sprig of time  
3 pints of the cooling waters of consideration.

Set them on the gentle fire of love, sweeten it with sugar of forgetfulness, stir it ever with spoon of melancholy, put it in the bottom of your heart; cork it with the cork of clear conscience and let it remain and find ease, and be restored to your senses again.

These things can be obtained at the Apothecary's next door to Reason on Prudent Street, in the Village of Contentment, for ten cents worth of Determination.

This never fails.

Written by one who has had experience.

A. R. L., '14.



## The World in Color



HAT the world in its natural color is a much more beautiful thing than is the world seen in uncolored pictures has been clearly proven. The proof was given Monday evening, November 25th, 1912, in the large amphitheater of the College, by that grand old man of the Faculty, and friend of the students, Dr. William Simon.

Here in the presence of some half hundred nurses from Mercy Hospital, a large gathering of doctors and students, and a number of outsiders, both the works of art and nature were shown in their most beautiful colors.

By the aid of the lantern and slides, Dr. Simon took us with him to many of the world's most beautiful scenes. From Panama and the Big Ditch we were quickly transported to the snow-capped mountain peaks of Switzerland. Then we were taken through Holland and Germany, to its castles along the Rhine, then to Southern Europe, to Italy and that ancient city, Rome. Finally we were brought back home, where we were shown scenes of no less beauty and color. It was thus proven to us that in order to find beautiful scenery it is not necessary to go abroad, but that it can be found here in Maryland and Pennsylvania if we but use our eyes and look for it.

Possibly one of the most beautiful pictures shown was one of a golden colored maple tree which was photographed somewhere near Baltimore. Beautiful pictures of blossom-laden fruit trees in early springtime, together with many golden-hued oaks, chestnuts, and maples of late autumn were brought before us. Many beautiful flowers, as roses, tiger lilies and mountain laurel, along with three or four collections of fine fruit, must not be forgotten.

A rainbow, something which perhaps few people have seen photographed in its natural colors, was thrown upon the screen. That the atmosphere can be photographed was shown by one of the grayish colored pictures taken on a day when the air was laden with moisture.

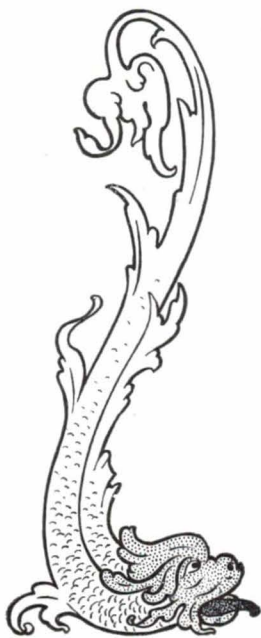
In all about one hundred and sixty pictures were shown. The lecture was not only highly entertaining, but instructive as well. Then, too, it was clearly demonstrated to all present that color photography is not an imaginary thing, but a reality.

Dr. Simon certainly deserves credit for the work he has done along this line. All who heard his lecture and all his many friends among the students and elsewhere join in wishing him still greater success, and hope that many more years be added to his useful and eventful life.

H. C. H., '14.



## A Resemblance



"A girl is like a bumblebee  
At least one way,"  
A Reuben said to a College Guy  
A certain day.  
  
The Guy was mad and started up,  
A gallant knight.  
The Reub replied "Let me explain  
Before we fight.  
  
"A bumblebee has a tiny sting  
To his body hung,  
A lady has a stinger, too,  
For I was stung."

F. M., '14.





THE GIRL BACK HOME

## "Lest We Forget"



By DR. HARRY FRIEDENWALD.

Professor of Ophthalmology and Otology, College of Physicians and Surgeons,  
Baltimore.



LIKE the mementos which the traveler returning home brings with him, mementos of little intrinsic values, but prized by him for the associations with which they are bound up, so this class-book will be taken by each of you when you leave your Alma Mater and carried to the homes which you will establish; and as the years go by you will cherish it more and more, for it will keep alive the pleasant memories of student days; the comradeships and the friendships; the days of toil and the moments of accomplishment; the slow and difficult struggle for the final degree and the short period which it seems in retrospect.

Among the thoughts which this book will call to mind,—and most pleasantly may I hope,—are the close relations with your instructors in lecture room, laboratory, dispensary and hospital ward. Their photographs will recall many a lesson which was difficult to learn, many an instruction of guidance or of warning, the full significance of which was not appreciated until long afterward. You will remember the evidences you have given to prove that you were deserving of the degree of Doctor of Medicine. And though you will learn much more after you have graduated, you will do so according to the thoroughness with which you have applied yourselves during your student days and the training you have given your faculties of observation and attention and concentration. For all these experiences the class-book will be a memento, a treasured memento.

But to be a physician, a true physician, requires more than ability to pass examinations of Faculties and Examining Boards. It demands more than the knowledge gained in College and in Hospital. It means more than the ability to detect disease and to know the remedies which should be applied. For he who calls upon the physician to aid him, places in him such confidence as is placed in none besides him; into his hand he entrusts what is more valued than his wealth—his health, his life—or even more, the health and the life of those who are dearest to him—he entrusts to him his happiness!

When, therefore, you leave your College and embark on the sea of medical practice you must have before you, clear and brilliant, the North Star of Right-Doing, to guide you safely and happily on this tempest-tossed sea, amid temptation and trial. This is another service which the class-book is to render you; it is to remind you of the duties you owe your classmates and your school, your pro-



fession, your patients and yourself. For the sake of your colleagues, for the sake of the school that graduates you, and for the sake of the profession into which you are allowed to enter, you owe unfailing devotion to the highest ideals of medicine. At its altar each physician is a priest and only "he that hath clean hands and a pure heart" may offer his sacrifice "without blemish." His service must be given as readily, as whole-heartedly, to the poor as to the rich, to the stranger as to the friend, to him who is innocently overtaken by misfortune and disease, and to him who is suffering the consequences of debauchery and sin. Never shall I forget the words of one of my teachers who has long since passed away: "So treat the patient who applies to you for help as though he were your parent, your wife, your child, your brother or your sister; should the question of an operation arise, let this thought be the test." Be not guided by the rewards; you must claim as your just right a proper compensation from all who are able to remunerate you for your services; but you will surely find that those practitioners who make of their profession a commercial venture and seek their satisfaction in the fees they collect, you will surely find that they must fail to secure the real gratification and reward.

Be not discouraged by failure; be not disheartened by ingratitude; be not tempted into the ways of the charlatan and the quack and of those that stoop to the practices of the criminal. Of none of you dare it ever be said in the words of Job: "Ye are forgers of lies, ye are physicians of no value."

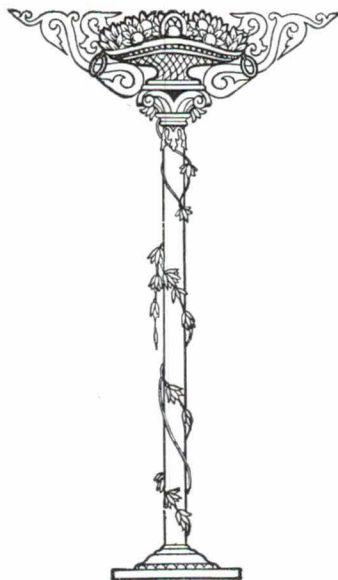
The service of medical practice makes great demands. Your labor and your time, your never-ending study and your deepest thought are asked of you. You are required to forego pleasures and comfort. You are even obliged to risk your health and your lives in this service. Money cannot repay you. But the work itself is its own reward. Those who have entered upon the field of medical practice and do not find this satisfaction, those to whom the "love of medical practice" is a meaningless word, let them seek other pastures, they have strayed erringly upon the heights for which they were unfitted. The labor brings its full reward to those who love it. This reward is found in the pleasures of overcoming difficulties; in discovering the secrets of the human body and its ailments and in unriddling the innumerable and strange signs which are the language of disease; in the satisfaction of subduing in their thousandfold methods of onslaught, the enemies of health; the reward is felt in the power which the knowledge of surgery and the skill of its art give in bringing back power to the palsied, in restoring sight to the blind, in staying the hand of death which has ruptured an appendix or a Fallopian tube, torn open a throbbing blood vessel or strangled in its grasp a loop of intestine; the reward lies in ushering into the world the frail life which is the joy of motherhood, in bringing it back to its parent from its couch of illness to health and strength, in returning the life that was despaired of to those that love it, in drying the tears of anguish and anxiety, in bringing joy and happiness to those that were broken-hearted, and in sharing their joy and their happi-

ness; the reward is acquired in the consciousness of serving as a loyal and honest, an humble and honorable member of the noblest of all professions.

Nor will the community in which you labor fail to recognize the devotion and the efforts of the doctor who always remains the earnest student and the patient worker. As in the days of old

“The skill of the physician shall lift up his head  
And in the sight of great men he shall be honored.”

May turning over the pages of this class-book ever remind you of the high resolves, the vows of true service you make on the eve of enlisting in the ranks of the Medical Profession.







E.A. Wright-Peck

1912



# Phi Chi Fraternity

## Chapter Roll

Founded 1878 at University of Vermont.

Delta Delta Chapter.

Installed March—1902.

*Flower*—White Carnation.

Alpha.....	University of Vermont, Burlington, Vt.
Zeta.....	University of Texas, Galveston, Texas
Eta.....	Medical College of Virginia, Richmond, Va.
Theta.....	University College of Medicine, Richmond, Va.
Iota.....	University of Alabama, Mobile, Ala.
Lambda.....	University of Pittsburgh, Pa.
Mu.....	Indiana University Medical School, Indianapolis
Nu.....	Birmingham Medical School, Birmingham, Ala.
Xi.....	Fort Worth School of Medicine, Ft. Worth, Texas
Omicron.....	Tulane University, New Orleans, La.
Pi.....	Vanderbilt University, Nashville, Tenn.
Rho.....	University of Chicago, Chicago, Ills.
Sigma.....	College of Physicians and Surgeons, Atlanta, Ga.
Tau... ..	Medical College of the State of South Carolina, Charleston, S. Carolina
Upsilon.....	Atlanta Medical College, Atlanta, Ga.
Phi.....	George Washington University, Washington, D. C.
Chi.....	Jefferson Medical College, Philadelphia, Pa.
Psi.....	University of Michigan, Ann Arbor, Mich.
Alpha Alpha.....	University of Louisville, Louisville, Ky.
Alpha Theta.....	Western Reserve University, Cleveland, Ohio
Beta Beta.....	Baltimore Medical College, Baltimore, Md.
Gamma Gamma.....	Bowdine College, Brunswick, Me. and Portland, Me.
Delta Delta.....	College of Physicians and Surgeons, Baltimore, Md.
Kappa Alpha Kappa.....	Georgetown University, Georgetown, D. C.
Sigma Theta.....	University of North Carolina, Chapel Hill, N. C.
Chi Theta.....	Medico-Chirurgical College, Philadelphia, Pa.
Pi Delta Phi.....	University of California, Berkeley, Cal.
Upsilon Pi.....	University of Pennsylvania, Philadelphia, Pa.
Phi Sigma.....	Chicago College of Medicine and Surgery, Chicago, Ills.
Psi Rho Sigma.....	Northwestern University, Chicago, Ills.
Iota Pi.....	University of Southern California, Los Angeles, Cal.
Phi Beta.....	University of Illinois, Chicago, Ills.
Kappa Delta.....	Johns Hopkins University, Baltimore, Md.
Theta Upsilon.....	Temple University, Philadelphia, Pa.
Alpha Mu.....	Indiana University, Bloomington, Ind.
Phi Rho.....	St. Louis University, St. Louis, Mo.
Sigma Upsilon.....	Leland Stanford Jr. University, Stanford, Cal.



# Delta Delta Chapter, Phi Chi

## Roll of Membership

### SENIORS

E. F. FLORA  
J. W. LIVESAY  
CARL W. BELL

E. DREW SILVER  
P. P. HART  
F. P. FLOYD

### JUNIORS

O. H. BOBBITT  
H. S. KUHLMAN  
A. McCLUNG  
J. B. McMANUS  
W. T. STOCKDON  
J. O. WILLIAMS

R. H. WALKER  
F. G. STRAHAN  
C. S. FLEMING  
H. B. KHURI  
I. G. SHIRKEY  
L. G. MILLER

### SOPHOMORES

H. H. JOHNSON  
C. C. SPANGLER  
H. E. GARDNER  
B. H. TADEUSIAK  
R. E. WOODALL

H. D. LAW  
R. J. RYAN  
E. B. STALEY  
W. R. MCKENZIE  
C. F. NEUSE

S. A. DE MARTINO

### FRESHMEN

F. P. CUNNINGHAM

A. G. PETERSON

H. D. WOLF

## Advice to the Fat



Sleep but little, never eat  
Anything that's fat or sweet,  
Eat potatoes not at all  
Shun tobacco, alcohol;  
Beans, rice, puddings, pies abhor,  
Never pass your plate for more,  
With your meals no water take,  
Walk until your muscles ache.  
Exercise an awful lot,  
Especially if the weather's hot.  
Hungry always leave the table,  
Eat as little as you are able.  
If you're really faint for food,  
Unbuttered toast is very good;  
Or if that does not suffice,  
Two or three stewed prunes are nice.  
Milk or cream you must taboo,  
Sugar in your coffee, too.  
Try this plan two months or three  
And I'll give my guarantee  
The advice I give is true  
And you'll lose a pound or two.

A. R. L., '14





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# Phi Beta Pi Fraternity

## Zeta Chapter

Fraternity Founded 1891

Chapter Installed 1901

*Colors*—Green and White

Chapter House, 909 N. Calvert Street

## The Active Chapters

### EASTERN PROVINCE

Alpha.....	University of Pittsburgh, Pittsburgh, Pa.
Zeta.....	Baltimore College of Physicians and Surgeons, Baltimore, Md.
Eta.....	Jefferson Medical College, Philadelphia, Pa.
Omicron.....	Ind. University School of Medicine, Indianapolis, Ind.
Phi.....	University College of Medicine, Richmond, Va.
Chi.....	Georgetown University, Washington, D. C.
Psi.....	Medical College of Virginia, Richmond, Va.
Alpha Gamma.....	Syracuse University, Syracuse, N. Y.
Alpha Delta.....	Medico-Chirurgical College, Philadelphia, Pa.
Alpha Zeta.....	Ind. University School of Medicine, Bloomington, Ind.
Alpha Eta.....	University of Virginia, University, Va.

### SOUTHERN PROVINCE

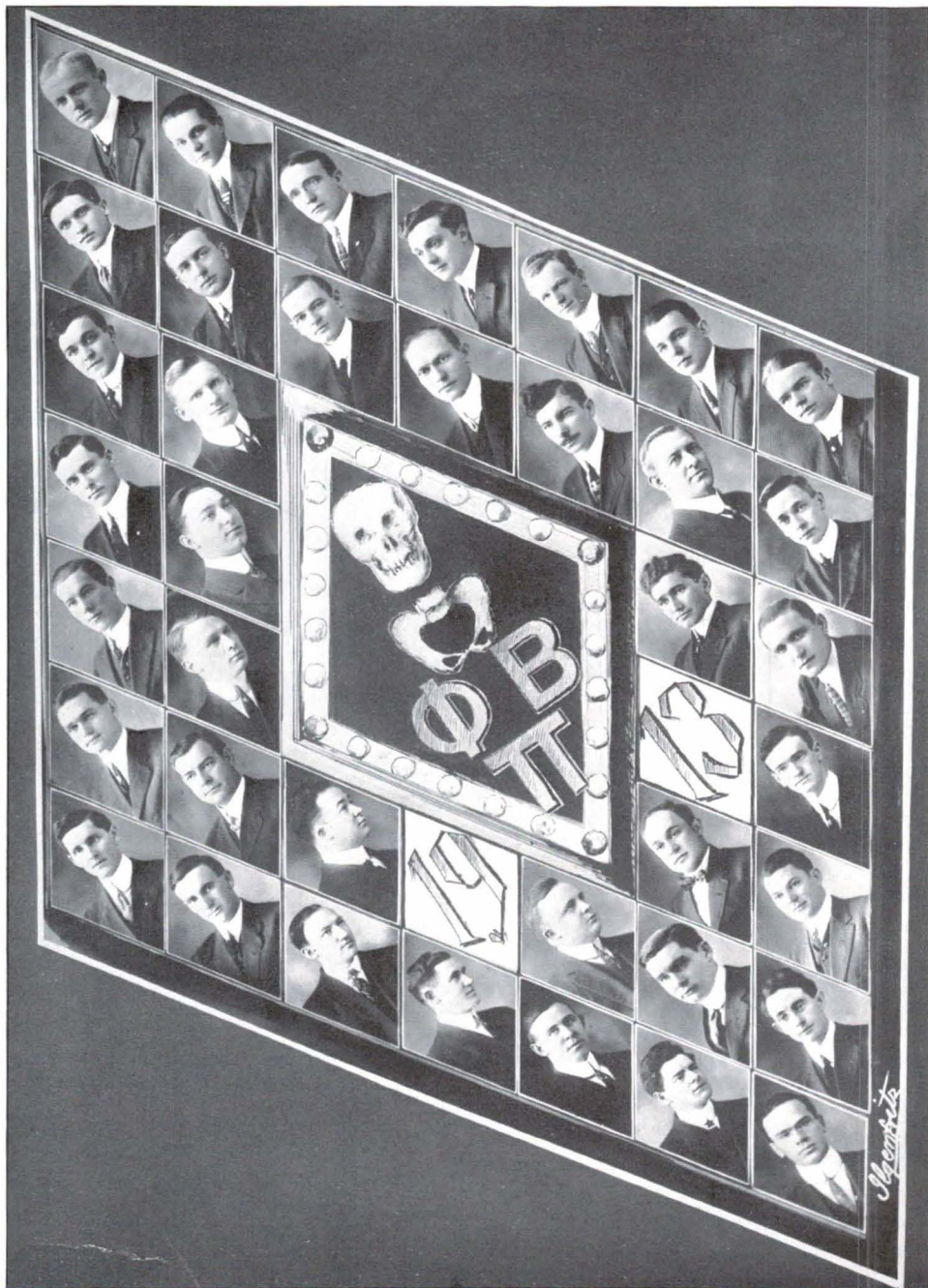
Rho.....	Medical Department, Vanderbilt University, Nashville, Tenn.
Sigma.....	University of Alabama, Mobile, Ala.
Alpha Beta.....	Tulane University, New Orleans, La.
Alpha Kappa.....	University of Texas, Galveston, Texas
Alpha Lambda.....	University of Oklahoma, Norman, Okla.
Alpha Mu.....	University of Louisville, Louisville, Ky.

### NORTHERN PROVINCE

Beta.....	University of Michigan, Ann Arbor, Mich.
Delta.....	Rush Medical College, Chicago, Ills.
Theta.....	Northwestern University Medical School, Chicago, Ills.
Iota.....	College of P. & S., University of Illinois, Chicago, Ills.
Kappa.....	Detroit College of Medicine, Detroit, Mich.
Xi.....	University of Minnesota, Minneapolis, Minn.
Pi.....	University of Iowa, Iowa City, Iowa
Alpha Alpha.....	John A. Creighton University, Omaha, Neb.
Alpha Epsilon.....	Marquette University, Milwaukee, Wis.

### WESTERN PROVINCE

Lambda.....	St. Louis University, St. Louis, Mo.
Mu.....	Washington University, St. Louis, Mo.
Nu.....	University Medical College, Kansas City, Mo.
Tau.....	University of Missouri, Columbia, Mo.
Omega.....	Leland Stanford, Jr., University, San Francisco, Cal.
Alpha Iota.....	University of Kansas, Lawrence, Kansas



# Zeta Chapter, Phi Beta Pi

## Roll of Membership

### SENIORS

J. E. DAY	A. M. LARSEN
C. L. SEITZ	J. E. WYANT
W. L. BROWN	L. T. RUSMISSELLE
FRANK DWYER	N. L. KERR
V. O. HUMPHREYS	S. E. ENFIELD
W. E. MYLES	R. S. OLSEN
C. L. MOWRER	L. P. MUSSER
R. E. CLOWARD	

### JUNIORS

W. E. MCGINLEY	S. H. HOLLAND
B. W. STEELE	J. U. ROHR
S. T. NOLAND	C. B. ROHR
R. H. CATHIER	N. A. CHRISTENSEN
J. D. CRANE	W. C. MCGEARY
J. E. MAHER	

### SOPHOMORES

P. B. STEELL	G. E. SPROWLS
W. H. BASH	C. L. LYONS
M. L. RAEMORE	J. B. LOHAN
A. S. LOWSLEY	F. P. WELTNER

### FRESHMEN

B. H. BIDDLE	E. T. GREUTZNER
J. M. CANNON	FRED STANSBURY



## A Visit

I walked into the dissecting room  
And stood among the stiffs,  
When suddenly I felt a punch  
And there stood a bloody stiff.

He certainly was a husky chap  
For he was six feet tall,  
So I began to look around  
To find my place to fall.

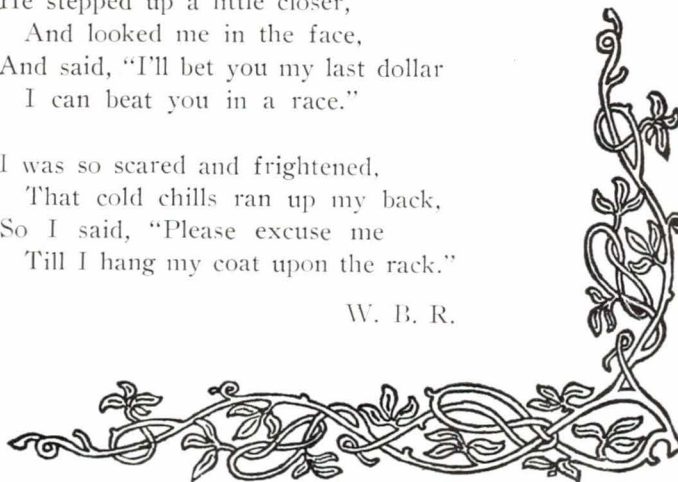
At first I was somewhat frightened  
But I knew that wouldn't do,  
So I braced up and said bravely  
"What can I do for you?"

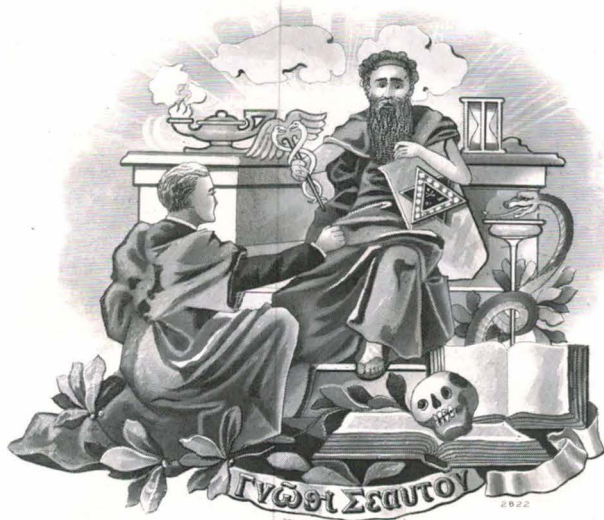
I waited patiently for a moment,  
But a reply I did not receive,  
So I felt something was going to happen,  
But to be sure I was deceived.

He stepped up a little closer,  
And looked me in the face,  
And said, "I'll bet you my last dollar  
I can beat you in a race."

I was so scared and frightened,  
That cold chills ran up my back,  
So I said, "Please excuse me  
Till I hang my coat upon the rack."

W. B. R.







## Chi Zeta Chi Fraternity

Founded Nineteen Hundred and Three at the University of Georgia

*Fraternity Colors*—Purple and Old Gold

*Fraternity Flower*—White Carnation.

### Roll of Active Chapters

Alpha.....	University of Georgia, Augusta, Ga.
Beta.....	College of Physicians and Surgeons, New York, N. Y.
Delta.....	University of Maryland, Baltimore, Md.
Epsilon.....	College of Physicians and Surgeons, Atlanta, Ga.
Zeta.....	Baltimore Medical College, Baltimore, Md.
Theta.....	Vanderbilt University, Nashville, Tenn.
Kappa.....	Atlanta School of Medicine, Atlanta, Ga.
Lambda.....	College of Physicians and Surgeons, Memphis, Tenn.
Mu.....	Tulane University, New Orleans, La.
Nu.....	University of Arkansas, Little Rock, Ark.
Xi.....	St. Louis University, St. Louis, Mo.
Omicron.....	Washington University, St. Louis, Mo.
Pi.....	College of Physicians and Surgeons, Chicago, Ill.
Rho.....	College of Physicians and Surgeons, Baltimore, Md.
Sigma.....	George Washington University, Washington, D. C.
Tau.....	Jefferson Medical College, Philadelphia, Pa.
Upsilon.....	Fordham University, New York, N. Y.
Phi.....	Lincoln University, Knoxville, Tenn.
Chi.....	Long Island Medical College, Brooklyn, N. Y.
Psi.....	Medical College of Virginia, Richmond, Va.





## Rho Chapter, Chi Zeta Chi

### Roll of Membership

#### SENIORS

J. S. DIXON  
L. D. BARNES  
D. M. DRAUGHAN

P. N. FLEMMING  
C. M. PETERS  
W. W. POINT

#### JUNIORS

L. L. CRAMER  
A. J. GILLIS

M. F. HOSMER  
W. B. RICHARDSON

#### SOPHOMORES

J. L. CONARTON  
THOMAS CRANLEY  
L. K. FARGO  
E. E. FITZPATRICK  
T. K. GALVIN  
A. J. JACKSON  
W. J. LYNCH  
BASIL LINGER  
C. J. MALLOY

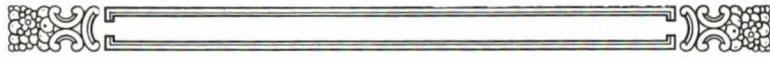
V. L. MAHONEY  
WILLIAM MCCALLION  
C. C. NOHE  
H. G. PERRY  
H. L. ROGERS  
W. C. SPAULDING  
F. X. KEARNEY  
R. W. SAYRE  
C. R. MUFFLEY

#### FRESHMEN

L. H. HOWARD  
T. F. O'BRIEN

P. A. SHILKE  
B. T. BAGGOT

W. L. TANNER



## The Doctor's Side of It

Laugh, if you like, at the doctor's mistakes—  
And I reckon we all make a few!  
He's giving the universe more than he takes,  
Which is more than the most of us do!

Feather your arrows with humorous chaff,  
And tip them with satire and bile,  
But don't ask your target to join in the laugh  
He's entirely too busy to smile!

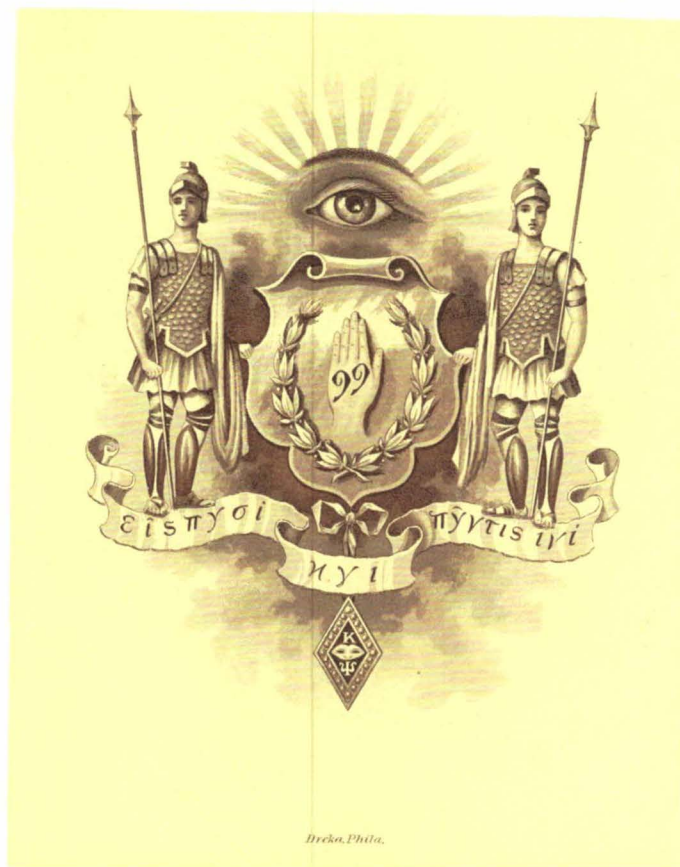
For General Practitioner, Army of health,  
Is fighting the terrors you fear,  
While you're discussing his "ill gotten wealth"  
(Most likely, a thousand a year!)

He's saving you sickness and giving you strength,  
And it's easy to laugh when you're strong;  
But one of your terrors may get you at length  
And alter the pitch of your song!

Then you will remember the jests you have made  
And scorn his assistance, no doubt;  
Or will you entreat him to fly to your aid  
With the skill you have jested about?

A. R. L.









# Kappa Psi Fraternity

## Executive Chapter

Alpha (Grand Council).....Wilmington, Del.

## Collegiate Chapters

### ACTIVE CHAPTERS

Beta.....University College of Medicine, Richmond, Va.  
Gamma.....Columbia University, New York, N. Y.  
Delta.....University of Maryland, Baltimore, Md.  
Eta.....Philadelphia College of Pharmacy, Philadelphia, Pa.  
Iota.....University of Alabama, Mobile, Ala.  
Kappa.....Birmingham Medical College, Birmingham, Ala.  
Lambda.....Vanderbilt University, Nashville, Tenn.  
Mu.....Massachusetts College of Pharmacy, Boston, Mass.  
Nu.....Medical College of South Carolina, Charleston, S. C.  
Xi.....University of West Virginia, Morgantown, W. Virginia  
Omicron.....University of Nashville, Tenn., Nashville, Tenn.  
Pi.....Tulane University, New Orleans, La.  
Rho.....Atlanta College of P. & S., Atlanta, Ga.  
Sigma.....Baltimore College of P. & S., Baltimore, Md.  
Tau.....University of Alabama, Tuscaloosa, Ala.  
Upsilon.....Louisville College of Pharmacy, Louisville, Ky.  
Phi.....Northwestern University, Chicago, Ills.  
Chi.....University of Illinois, Chicago, Ills.  
Psi.....Baylor University, Dallas, Texas  
Omega.....Southern Methodist University, Dallas, Texas  
Beta Beta.....Western Reserve University, Cleveland, Ohio  
Beta Gamma.....University of California, San Francisco, Cal.  
Beta Delta.....Union University, Albany, N. Y.  
Beta Epsilon.....Rhode Island College of P. & A. S., Providence, R. I.  
Beta Zeta.....Oregon Agricultural College, Corvallis, Ore.  
Beta Eta.....Jefferson Medical College, Philadelphia, Pa.

### GRADUATE CHAPTERS

Philadelphia.....Philadelphia, Pa.  
New York.....New York, N. Y.  
Baltimore.....Baltimore, Md.  
Birmingham.....Birmingham, Ala.  
Chicago.....Chicago, Ills.  
Boston.....Boston, Mass.



# Kappa Psi Fraternity

## Chapter Roll

### SENIORS

R. M. BOBBITT  
THOS. BESS  
T. E. VASS

R. J. STOCKHAMMER  
F. S. JANER  
E. H. HANKEY

H. F. COFFMAN

### JUNIORS

J. J. JENKINS

### SOPHOMORES

O. W. RENZ  
T. G. TICKLE

W. O. HEARN  
J. GRIFFITH

R. S. PECK

### FRESHMEN

L. W. LAWSON

M. J. FOLEY



## "College Night"—January 20, 1913



COLLEGE NIGHT was held earlier this year than in previous ones, due to reasons best known to ourselves and fathers who send boys to College.



The selection of the play, "The Yellow Jacket," was highly commended by both faculty and students, in fact it was generally accepted that it was the best of any performance chosen heretofore.

The play in itself was very unique and entertaining, and in all probability one of the big hits of this or any other season. It stands in a class by itself, nothing like it ever being produced before. Great doubt has been expressed if there were ever more realistic rivers, mountains, weeping willows, and "love boats" as those seen on the stage that evening. The changing of scenery was done with such rapidity, that it was short of marvelous and the "property man" and his assistants certainly deserve great credit.

But the play is of minor importance, considering it was "P. & S. Night," and that college spirit simply floated all through the House. Everywhere you looked you recognized familiar faces. There was a general mingling of Faculty and Students, and only here and there could strangers be seen; these, however, were soon in the folds of the purple and gold, and it was like one big family. There was plenty of decoration and "Ford's"—reminded one of the colors, if anything ever did. Pennants and banners were suspended from all places of vantage, bunting was draped on the balconies and the Fraternity emblems were seen in the boxes. The entire arrangement of the colors was very pleasing to the eye and very much praised.

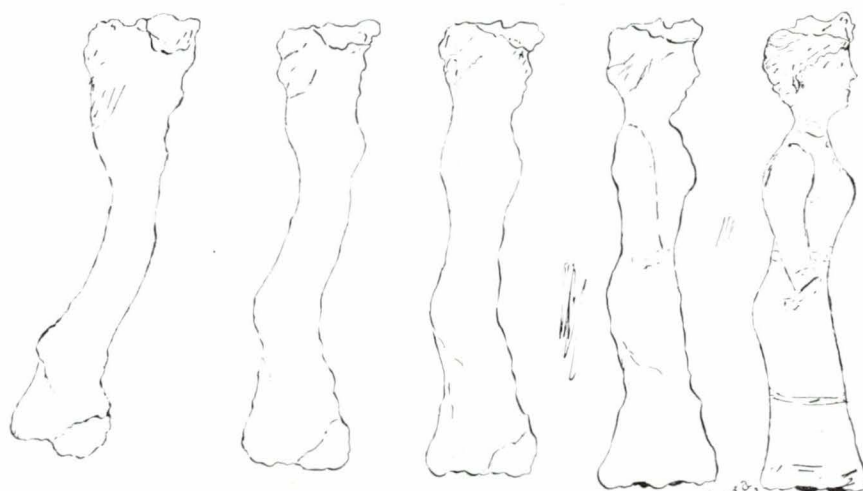
College yells were conspicuous by their absence, an incident which may be attributed to the Freshmen Class, they having expressed a desire to be dignified like their elder brothers. These "Yells" are only noise, anyway, and because we were in sympathy with the Anti-Noise Committee, we refrained from doing what we knew would hurt their feelings considerably, inasmuch as several of their members were among the audience. Too much noise isn't good anyway, a fact proven to the Sophomore Class earlier in the year.

But, nevertheless, we were "there," all of us who had girls, and some of us who didn't. From all appearances it seemed as if most of us had. It was reported that several of the upper-classmen who had more than one girl, loaned

them to some of the "Sophs" and "Freshies" for the occasion, but this has been emphatically denied by the first and second year men. Anyhow it doesn't matter very much whose girl it was, just so she was good looking—that's all!

Speaking from any standpoint, "College Night" was a success from the time the curtain rose and we saw the palace of "Wu Sin Yin," until "Wu Hoo Git" gathered little "Moy Fah Loy," better known as "Plum Blossom," in his arms, and long after that.

Here's hoping that every "College Night" will be just as enthusiastically supported and just as successful as that given by the Class of 1914, which will go down in the annals of our history as "The One Big Night."



*"Student's Ambition."*



## “The Calendar”

- October
- 1—The College of Physicians and Surgeons begins its forty-first annual session. Introductory lecture by Dr. William Simon.
  - 2—A Freshman is seen wearing a straw hat. He soon parts company with it charged up to the Sophomores.
  - 3—The Sophomores are informed by Dr. Lockwood that there must not be a “rush” in the building.
  - 4—The Freshmen organize and elect temporary officers. By so doing they subject themselves to a preliminary hazing.
  - 5—Galvin finding the Freshmen easy, tries a “Prof” to his sorrow.
  - 6—All of the Freshmen go to Sunday School.
  - 7—Central Y. M. C. A. gives a reception to the students. A basketball game was played afterwards—we will omit the score.
  - 8—Sophomores are very busy cleaning tubes in the Bacteriological Laboratory, preparatory to “raising bugs.”
  - 9—A Committee of “Sophies” presented the Freshmen with a very elaborate set of rules for their good behavior.

- 10—The Freshmen object to the rules submitted by their "superiors," the Sophomores.
- 11—Dr. Ruhrah compliments the Junior Class on their prescription writing.
- 12—Sophomores elect class officers; plans were made for hazing the Freshmen.
- 13—Sunday—Half of the Freshmen go to Sunday School.
- 14—Rush Day—The Freshmen meet their Waterloo. Three of the Sophomores are "locked up" for disorderly conduct.
- 15—Two members of the Beauty Squad are doing service at the College.
- 16—Fresh eggs, bad eggs, all kinds of eggs rain on the Freshmen as they leave the building.
- 17—Fire breaks out in one of the laboratories. It is extinguished by a bucket brigade formed by Drs. Gillis, Stokes and McCleary before the arrival of the Fire Department.
- 18—Dr. Watson entertains the Junior Class by giving an interesting lecture on Homeopathy, Osteopathy and Christian Science.
- 19—Senior and Junior Class elections posted for Monday.
- 20—Sunday—The Freshmen are missed from their accustomed places at Sunday School.
- 21—Seniors and Juniors elect class officers for the year.
- 22—Segarra is kept very busy writing histories.
- 23—Dean Lockwood explains the trouble with the New York State Board of Regents.
- 24—Ex-Dean Bevan resigns his position as Professor of Surgery. Mercy Hospital Benefit at Ford's.
- 25—Drs. Lockwood and Friedenwald return from New York and tell the students the result of their interview with the New York Board of Regents—which was quite satisfactory.
- 26—"A new white hope." Dr. Gamble has a desperate fight with burglars at his home.
- 27—Sunday—Riera and Font are seen boat riding at Druid Hill Lake with girl friends.
- 28—Lipsky appears in all of his glory with a "noisy" English suit.
- 29—Dr. Ruhrah says "Some of these prescriptions are gems."
- 30—The Sophomores had a class meeting and decided to challenge the Freshmen for a duel at some selected spot before sunrise, as in the days of old. Bravo, Sophs.
- 31—Dr. Simon calls on the Police Department for help in quieting the Sophomores.



- November 1—Straw vote for the Presidential Candidates:
- |                   |                              |
|-------------------|------------------------------|
| Seniors. . . . .  | Wilson                       |
| Juniors. . . . .  | "Teddy"                      |
| Sophs. . . . .    | "Teddy"                      |
| Freshmen. . . . . | Minors—suffrage denied them. |
- 2—Many of the boys leave for home to take part in the election.
- 3—Sunday.
- 4—Seniors only attend lectures.
- 5—Teddy was not elected.
- 6—Students returning from election. Wilson boys are jubilant.
- 7—Dr. T. R. Chambers gets married.
- 8—Dr. Wise bids the Freshmen farewell. He encourages them to make good.
- 9—Crossett shows his mechanical ability by operating the lantern machine.
- 10—Williams was seen at Druid Hill with three girls. Good work for "Jimmy."
- 11—First fight of the year, contestants Gonzales vs. Morales. Decision in favor of Gonzales.
- 12—Dr. Lockwood officially announces that the six full time instructors have been obtained and will begin their work immediately.
- 13—Drs. Beck and Chambers address the students in a mass-meeting and tells them of Dr. Simon's lecture, "The World in Color."
- 14—The committee of A. M. A. inspect the College.
- 15—Two Sophomores on retiring for the night change their minds and go to a dance at 11 P. M.
- 16—Freshmen have their class picture taken, contrary to the rules of the Sophomores.
- 17—"Kid" Mayer was seen on Mt. Royal Avenue with a car load of chickens.
- 18—Jack Mayer and Shirkey occupy front seats for a change.
- 19—The visiting Orthopædic Surgeons were entertained by Drs. Chambers, Harrison, Cotton and McGlannan.
- 20—Dr. Sanger instructs the Junior Class how to make whistles as they did when on the farm.
- 21—False alarm—"Supt" Sweeny telephones Captain Henry for assistance.
- 22—The annual football game between B. C. C. and B. P. I. is attended by many of our boys.
- 23—Selling tickets for Dr. Simon's lecture.
- 24—Levy goes to Notre Dame as usual—what is the attraction?

- 25—"The World in Color" by Dr. Simon.
- 26—Dr. Knapp gives the first examianation of the year.
- 27—Wednesday—All classes vote for holidays to last until Monday.
- 28—Thanksgiving.
- 29—The advertising managers are busy soliciting ads.

- December
- 1—Sunday—Segarra visits Washington with his queen.
  - 2—McGeary, after parting company with his mustache, is told by a lady friend that he looks less professional.
  - 3—The "Kid" attends a dance instead of plugging for the exams.
  - 4—Superintendent Sweeny was a prisoner in the linen room today.
  - 5—Lake is seen enjoying his first cigarette.
  - 6—Dr. Pleasant's stool chair mysteriously disappears.
  - 7—We wonder where Breslin and Spangler got the quarter to go to the Maryland.
  - 8—Aranki was seen with a —— at Druid Hill.
  - 9—Dr. Mercer, Y. M. C. A. lecturer, addresses the students on social evil.
  - 10—Crossett gets lost and is found wandering around in the neighborhood of Lexington Market.
  - 11—Mid-year examinations posted for December 16th.
  - 12—Dr. Hayden wishes to know where his class in Operative Surgery hangs out.
  - 13—Dr. Friedenwald springs one on the Seniors by giving them an examination on the ear and eye.
  - 14—McGinley tells a Senior what he thinks of him.
  - 15—Sunday—A busy day—for McClung.
  - 16—"Rich" Richardson is having quite a lot of fun with the fellows about their pictures.
  - 17—A Senior (name omitted, because ——) was seen posing for his picture with his gown on backwards.
  - 18—Examinations begin.
  - 19—Freshmen attend the mid-week prayer services. (Examination on Osteology tomorrow.)
  - 20—"Exams" over. Many of the Freshmen are seen around the popular cafes.
  - 21—Xmas vacation, a carload of students leave on a "cattle train" going north.

- January
- 2—School reopens.
  - 3—Professors lecture to empty seats.
  - 4—Dr. Bosley, Health Commissioner, dies.
  - 5—Sunday.
  - 6—The boys are returning from home, telling wonderful stories of how they spent vacation.
  - 7—Drs. Lockwood, Gillis and Stokes speak to the students about keeping the building clean.
  - 8—Smallpox scare is causing many of the boys to be vaccinated.
  - 9—Freshmen are having hysterical attacks. They are notified to report for work in the dissecting room.
  - 10—Mass-meeting addressed by Drs. Beck, Novak, Gillis and McGlannan.
  - 11—King George, "Kiss me kid, I am sterile."
  - 12—Sunday—"It rains and the wind is never weary."
  - 13—Dean Lockwood announces that our school is in class "A."
  - 14—Myles and Gatti are caught napping in Dr. Charles Simon's laboratory.
  - 15—Stockdon and Berman return from Xmas holidays.
  - 16—Aranki is late at a lecture.
  - 17—Lipsky says that Dr. Sanger lectures so loud that he can't sleep.
  - 18—Dr. Chambers, on being applauded by the Junior Class, said, "As a rule an empty wagon makes more noise than a loaded one."
  - 19—Sunday—Smith, Langer, Vega and Fernos take their canes out for exercise.
  - 20—"Yellow Jacket" at Ford's.
  - 21—The day after being stung by the "Yellow Jacket."
  - 22—Sore arms are much in evidence—due to vaccination.
  - 23—The "Sophies" are threatening to give Dr. Dobbin a calling. Unexplainable.
  - 24—Dr. Roys, a medical missionary, speaks to the students on opportunities offered in China for their service.
  - 25—Jenkins is operated on for appendicitis by Drs. Harrison and Wise.
  - 26—Sunday.
  - 27—Dr. Jones gives another one of his interesting lectures on Hygiene.
  - 28—Lake exhibits his vaccinated arm.
  - 29.—How many Freshmen were flunked by Dr. McCleary?

- 30—Smith comes to school without his satchel.
- 31—Cold wave strikes Baltimore.

- February
- 1—The Glee Club of the Junior Class holds its daily rehearsal.
  - 2—Sunday.
  - 3—A Senior is given a lecture on how to administer an anæsthetic.
  - 4—Steele makes an unsuccessful attempt to throw the "Kid" from his seat in the front row.
  - 5—Griffith is present at Dr. Thorkelson's anatomy quizz for the first time.
  - 6—Our Sergeants, Steele, McClung and Berman, tender their resignations. Why?
  - 7—Dr. Winfield S. Hall, of Chicago Northwestern University, lectures on Social Hygiene.
  - 8—After a prolonged wait the Juniors receive their marks on mid-year examinations.
  - 9—Sunday.
  - 10—Freshmen being dissatisfied with their picture have a new one taken.
  - 11—Dr. Mayo, always on the "dot," calls the roll at 9 A. M. sharp, much to the annoyance of the members of the Sleepy Sickness Club.
  - 12—Lincoln's birthday. Jenkins returns to class.
  - 13—Dr. Ruhrah says "The Junior Class can make a living singing if they fail in practicing medicine."
  - 14—Ramiery, a Freshman, fractures his femur.
  - 15—Dr. Chas. Simon fails to meet the Junior Class for a quizz. No regrets.
  - 16—Sunday—Suffragette meeting at the Academy.
  - 17—Dr. Jones lectures to the Junior Class on Plumbers and Plumbing.
  - 18—Seniors unanimously pass the "Anti-Smoking Act."
  - 19—Sergeant Smith expells three "Sophs" from Dr. Dobbin's lecture.
  - 20—Junior Class unanimously passes the "Anti-Smoking Act."
  - 21—Gagnon (Stenosis) and Palitz attends class.
  - 22—Washington's Birthday.
  - 23—Sunday—"Hikers" arrive in Baltimore on their way to Washington.
  - 24—J. U. Rohr is appointed to escort the "Hikers" to Washington.
  - 25—Epidemic of measles among the students.



- 26—The Freshmen go to see the Suffragettes.
- 27—Dr. McGlannan gives an informal reception to the Senior members of his section.
- 28—A Freshman tries to manufacture Dynamite in the Chemical Laboratory. Explosion follows and several members are permitted to enter the hospital.

March

- 1—Dr. Stokes promises to quizz the Sophomore Class next week.
- 2—Sunday.
- 3—Staley, Callahan and West walk to Washington.
- 4—Everybody attends the Inauguration.
- 5—Surgeons Heilman, McClung and Crossett do a successful intestinal anastomosis on a dog. Dr. R. H. Walker administers the anæsthetic.
- 6—Kuhlman says that a pretty girl will turn a fellow's head in spite of a boil on his neck.
- 7—Election of Y. M. C. A. officers for next year.
- 8—Sophs begin course in Embryology.
- 9—Sunday—A nice Spring day.
- 10—Some of the boys attend Court. Dr. Hunner is being tried.
- 11—Class sections change.
- 12—More dogs are operated upon.
- 13—Anti-Vivisectionists hold a meeting.
- 14—Dr. Friedenwald quizzes the Juniors on gallstones.
- 15—Dr. Keirle lectures to Sophomores and tells a very funny joke.

"To be Continued next year."



## I'm the Guy!

(With apologies to Rube Goldberg.)

I'm the Guy that put the "bill" in the building,  
I'm the Guy that put the plaster on the wall,  
I'm the Guy that knows just why,  
Every student is so sly,  
I'm the Guy that opens College in the fall;  
I'm the Guy that puts the notes in the notebooks,  
I'm the Guy that put the paint on the brush,  
What's that! Whom am I?  
Don't you know I'm the Guy?  
I'm the Guy that starts the fellows in the rush.

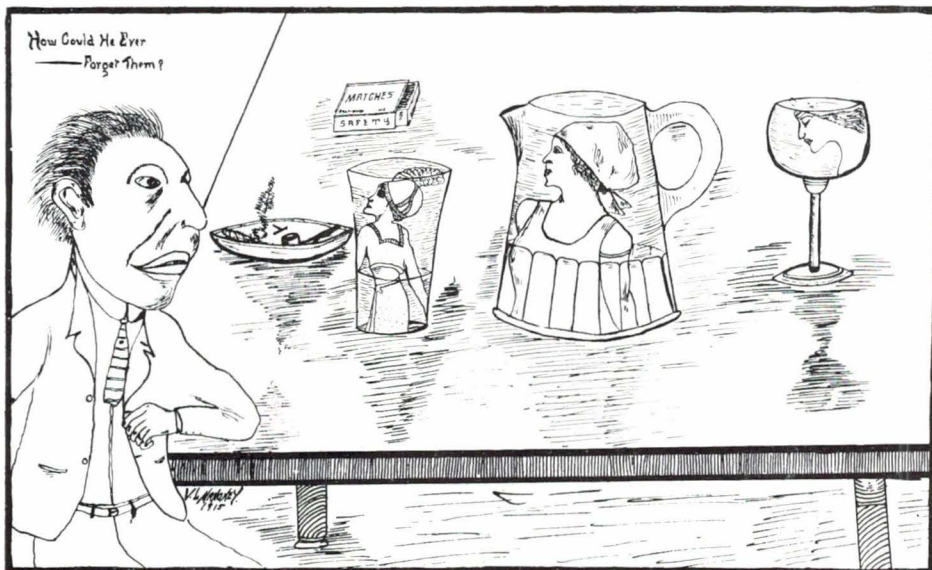
I'm the Guy that put the beer in the breweries,  
I'm the Guy that teaches students how to drink,  
I'm the Guy that's always dry,  
Just because I never buy,  
I'm the Guy that put the water in the sink;  
I'm the Guy that put wind in the windows,  
I'm the Guy that put the steps on stairs,  
What's that! Who am I?  
Don't you know I'm the Guy?  
I'm the Guy that put the pigment in the hairs.

I'm the Guy that put the kid in the kidneys,  
I'm the Guy that has a cure for each disease,  
I'm the Guy that knows just why,  
We can see with our eye  
I'm the Guy that put the bite in little fleas;  
I'm the Guy that put the "pie" in pyogenic,  
I'm the Guy that put the hearing in the ear,  
What's that! Who am I?  
Don't you know I'm the Guy?  
I'm the Guy that put the days in every year.

I'm the Guy that put the bone in boneheads,  
 I'm the Guy that put the fingers on the hand,  
 I'm the Guy that knows just why,  
 Some of our patients die,  
 I'm the Guy that brings the babies in the land;  
 I'm the Guy that put the art in arteries,  
 I'm the Guy that put the color in the blood,  
 What's that! Who am I?  
 Don't you know I'm the Guy?  
 I'm the Guy that put the kernel in the Nut.

I'm the Guy that put the Chill in Children,  
 I'm the Guy that put the fissures in the brain,  
 I'm the Guy that knows just why,  
 Rain comes from a cloudy sky,  
 I'm the Guy that puts a stop to every pain;  
 I'm the Guy that put the words on this paper,  
 I'm the Guy that put the paper in the book,  
 What's that! Who am I?  
 Don't you know I'm the Guy?  
 I'm the Guy that quit before he got the hook.

"Kid." '14.



## What is a Woman?

**Geographically** considered, she is a cataract who, as that of Niagara Falls, frightens us and at the same time attracts us when we contemplate her.

**Astronomically**, she is a bright planet surrounded like Saturn, with a golden ring which turns around in a limited orbit.

**Physically**, she is a metallic compound which dilates by the heat of pride-ness or vanity.

**Politically**, she is a legislative power which tries to control the Executive power and the party of the opposition.

**Magnetically**, she is like the marine compass which guides the man in his pilgrimage throughout the world.

**Botanically**, she is a beautiful plant, a plant which grows at the same time flowers, thorns, sweet and sour fruit, giving us spirit of life as poisonous juice.

**Zoologically**, she is a very pretty biped, but indomitable.

**Theologically**, she is an incomprehensible mystery, to whom we have to bow ourselves without reasoning, paying strict faith to everything she tells us, because if you don't do so her indignation toward you will be boundless.

**Spiritually**, she is the angel or devil of home, sweet home; the council or torture of the spirit.

**Materially**, she is the most valuable object of creation, without which we could not get along in this world.

**Artistically**, she is a precious jewelry box, where there may appear in an artistic manner the most expensive gems.

And **universally**; home's happiness and man's love.

A. R. L., '14.





## The Cure

When things are kind of gloomy  
And you're feeling awful blue,  
And you're not at all particular  
Just what you say or do.

When you've studied hard for hours  
And don't know a thing you've read,  
Whether it's give a dose of paregoric,  
Or do up a broken head.

When you've read Williams for Dr. Dobbin  
Studied rheumatism for Beck,  
And couldn't tell to save you,  
A rickety pelvis from a wry neck.

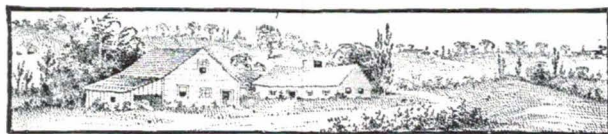
Just stop a moment and ponder  
There's one thing I'm sure you know,  
It's a treatment—now don't you wonder  
That you hadn't thought of it long ago?

Sure, you know the treatment,  
The treatment for all ills;  
And it's not rubbing on ointment,  
Giving hypodermics, tinctures or pills.

But it's something we can all remember—  
(And I'm not trying to bluff),  
Whether smallpox, measles or typhoid fever  
Cold water (hydrotherapy) is the stuff.

H. C. H., '14.





## Prize Essay and Poem Contest



The Judges, Messrs. Reisler and North of B. P. I., decided, that of all the work submitted to them in the Prize Essay and Poem Contest, "The Call of the Wilds" and "Farewell" are best, and that the authors, C. C. Nohe and Hugh Dunn respectively, should be awarded the prizes.



### The Call of the Wilds



HE cold crisp dawn of the early Autumn morning changed from its grayish pallor into a golden expansion of light. As far as eye could see, lofty mountains reared their pine-covered peaks so high that they seemed almost to pierce the firmament itself. Between the hills nestled a beautiful valley, and spread out all over it were the rough shacks of a mining town. The sun seemed to peep over the hills and to linger caressingly on the picturesque scene; below them great coal tipples and switching railroad tracks reflected these virgin rays from their worn surfaces and lent a dazzling appearance to the sombre town. The houses were scattered over the adjacent hillsides, too, and their motley arrangement added to the chaos and indescribable confusion of the picture. Here and there a more pretentious house proclaimed the residence of some mine official. Between the houses were well beaten paths that showed white in contrast to the smoke-begrimed houses. In the path leading along one hillside to the shacks clumped there, stood a man. He wasn't looking at the sun-kissed valley that lay below him, he wasn't reveling in the beauty of the morning's birth here in the clear mountain air, for he was gazing over across the mountains, as if he would look beyond them, with an inexpressible longing in his eyes, as if he were looking at a mirage that was tantalizing because of its apparent nearness yet intangible because of its phantom-like elusiveness. He was young, with a lithe, almost

boyish figure, and his eyes were clear, and shining with indomitable courage, and frank with honest purpose. His mouth was firm, yet as he was smiling now, as if his *rara avis* were before him, his smile was the kind that makes women trust impulsively, and makes men willing to spare a "ten" until Saturday. He was Doctor John Manly; five months had passed since he had signed his contract as physician for the miners, but scarcely two days had it taken him to find out the spirit of these sullen-faced men. He received a salary, they knew, and it was his duty to keep them well. If he came a dozen times a day it cost them nothing, and as though goaded by some innate resentment, they claimed his services every moment. He had come to them with pity in his heart, a great longing to help these strange, silent beings that toiled in the darkness, for he felt proud to claim any man as a friend who showed virile manhood, even though his clothes be rough, or his face covered by grime. He was young, enthusiastic, just through College and its subsequent Hospital Course, and his boyish dreams of what a doctor should strive to do had matured as he had, and so he had gone to them, this boy-man, hoping to win their friendship as he ministered to their needs.

Great had been his surprise, the rough miners were not accustomed to seeing young men immaculately dressed acting as doctors. His youth was against him and so they thought him "stuck up." The vague term "College" to their minds meant a higher degree of the same thing, and these things, added to the fact that he used different treatments from the doctors they were accustomed to, helped them to decide that he was no good. At first he had reasoned with them, trying not to offend, and then the truth came to him, they saw no farther than the circle of their little lamps; where the light happened to fall they raised their picks and struck. But here Manly showed the true spirit of a real doctor; anyone can be cheerful and have a semblance of courage when "all's well;" a good doctor is bravest when the fog is thick around his efforts. There is in a true doctor the same inherent impulse to go back and try again, that makes a cat go back to the alley where it has been beaten and starved all through kittenhood. So had Manly felt, he would not fail, he would not give up, that is, he had felt this way until yesterday. All through College he had carried the image of a girl in his heart. He had trusted her, and together they had planned just what kind of a little home they should have some day. So College days had passed in the glamour of love. He had accepted the position here to get "his start," and the hardest task was a pleasure jaunt for him, because he knew at the end what his reward would be. But yesterday he had received a letter, at first he couldn't believe that she could have written it, but he knew every stroke of her writing and, unbelievable as it seemed, the fact remained. The latter part of the letter seemed to have seared his senses.

..... "I've decided it is best for us to forget each other. I'm afraid I don't love you quite enough to wait until you get your start, so this is good-bye, forgive and forget."

JANET.

And this was the one woman whom he, man-like, had believed to be different from the rest. This was the woman he would have as willingly entrusted with his life as he had his happiness. Only mother and father, it seemed, loved and were true to him.

He could never forget his father's hand-clasp as they had stood man to man after his graduation, or the tears of pride that welled up into those dear old eyes because the boy, "his boy," had made good. And mother, dear little mother, who believed him to be all that is upright and manly, how her words, spoken as he was leaving to begin his contract, rang in his ears: "How they will love you; how their eyes will brighten when you come, and you will always do your best for them, won't you, Jack?" Well, had he? Just now he felt it didn't matter much, then the thought of mother, she believed in him, and—well he would try once more, maybe he could forget the girl, or find recompense in his calling for the haven he had missed. He recalled with a start that even now he should be making a call, where was it? Oh yes, "seventh shack from the end."

"Good morning, Mrs. Tracy," he called, when he had at last reached the door. "I hope none of you are seriously ill, but I couldn't get here sooner, for I've been up all night attending to the miners who were hurt yesterday at the new mine."

He looked around the room for the patient; on the bench by the door sat a sullen, half-grown girl. "Lizzie ain't feeling very pert today," said the woman. John walked over to the girl and began to question her gently. In the meantime Mrs. Tracy began her preparation for the morning meal. Rank coffee poisoned the air, and when she came toward the stove with a slab of greasy bacon, Manly stood up quietly. "Just a minute Mrs. Tracy," he said. A strange glow came into the woman's face as she turned toward him; she stared at his figure so out of accord with the surroundings. Not a trace of his disgust was visible in his face. Perhaps it was the neatness of his clothes, or the cleanliness of his hands that cried out. Whatever it was, she could not have told, nor could he. They stood like two beings on opposite sides of a mountain trying to see each other clearly through the rock. "I can't find anything wrong with—er Miss Lizzie; and she was not ill yesterday nor the day before when you sent for me. I'll have to ask you to please not send for me unless you really need me, because"—"A nice doc you is," blurted out the woman; "always growling when ye's sent for! What ye here for? Ain't I got a right to send for ye? Yes I got a right," she screeched, emphasizing her words with a flourish of the greasy meat. "An' I'm going to send for ye whenever I gets good and ready! An' ye got to come, even if ye don't know what's the matter. D'ye hear? Ye got to come."

Without realizing just how it happened, Manly found himself standing on the cabin steps, staring blankly at the rickety door that had been slammed in his face. For hours he went the dreary rounds, gaunt women in slovenly "mother hubbards" poured out endless woes into his ears. Girls, as young as fifteen, sat with whimpering babies in their arms and looked up with faces too pinched to



smile. It was past noon when he at last started homeward. In the path that led past his cabin, he met three miners, Jim Williams, Mooney Jackson and Sid Tracy. "There's the little swelled head," called Sid, derisively. "Because you've gone to College you think us guys are a lot of dogs that you can stick a knife into, not caring whether it hurts us or not." "He ain't even larned how ter doctor a dog," joined Jim Williams. For one long minute Manly faced them, and only the sound of his hard breathing fell on the air. His eyes were so strange and burning that they dared not look away; with one white sleeved arm he pointed below to the town. "For two months down in that loathsome hole I've been at your beck and call, listened to your taunts and jeers, stood abuse, because I thought to find a way to your hearts and—well because I was a hired thing. I gave you all I had to give except my soul, and you've almost seared that; but now up here on the hill, thank God, I can fight you man to man, and I'm going to thrash every cursed one of you. And I'm not going to wait for you, I'm coming to you, coming now." Like a flash he leaped across the path and struck the nearest man. So sudden and sharp was the blow that Sid Tracy tottered back and fell sidewise down the hill. With a low cry of terror Mooney Jackson turned and fled, but Jim Williams lunged forward, his greater weight crushing Manly to his knees; with the strength his fury gave him Manly struggled up and with one free arm dealt blow after blow. Now they grappled, now they fell again in the path, Williams kicking and cursing as he fought. "Take that, and that," he yelled, but he struck aimlessly into space as Manly nimbly dodged. "Nough, nough," yelled Williams hoarsely as Manly once more pinned him down. The Doctor let go and rising watched Williams as he wiped the blood from his nose. "Get up and go home," he said quietly; Williams began cursing in volleys. "Get up and go or I'll do it again," promised Manly. The thoroughly whipped man slunk away, then for the first time Manly looked for Sid Tracy. He was sitting below, regarding the doctor with a stare of mingled awe and admiration. His face already swollen from the doctor's blow gave him a grotesque appearance. "It was kinder thoughtful of ye to leave me wun eye," he said calmly. "But I'm feart I missed part of ther fight. D'ye happen to recollect how long ye fit? When I came to, ye had him down. I wish I could a seen it from the start. I 'low as now we've been too hard on ye, lad, ye are a man after all, and a d—— good one, too. I'm wit ye from now on, and I'll tell the boys what an all-fired scrapper ye are."

For the first time Sid noticed how tired Manly looked. "Hadn't ye better lay down and take a snooze lad?" he ventured kindly. "No," said Manly, "I'm alright, I was just—Oh, you don't know what a hard fight I've had here among you people, Sid, nor how much I've hungered to hear you all say that I've made good." He turned and went down the path towards his office. Big Sid Tracy looked after him with respect in his eyes, almost with reverence. "Who'd a thought it?" he muttered, "he sure is some man." Doctor Manly went slowly to his cabin. He was hungry and he wanted rest, but he found a boy waiting for him with a message that the mine superintendent's little girl was sick, and

that he come to see her at once. So only stopping to get some extra medicine for emergencies, he hurried to the superintendent's home.

The superintendent, a big, blustering man, ushered him into the child's bed. The two men had never been friends, for the superintendent seemed to share the attitude of the miners toward him, and Manly had suspected him of encouraging them to oppose him; but now Doctor Manly forgot all personal feelings for the father in his professional interest in the child. Silently and swiftly he examined her; soon he arose and started towards his medicine case. "What is it?" asked the superintendent, breathlessly. "Diphtheria," said the doctor crisply. The man's throat contracted, he stooped and brushed back the child's hair, it ran in a profusion of golden curls, a heritage from her dead mother. He turned to the doctor, but the doctor was busy. "Will—will she get over it?" he faltered. "Diphtheria is dangerous," said the doctor tersely. The superintendent wished now that he had been cordial with the doctor; he felt that he wanted very much to lean on the quiet, unemotional man. "What's that?" he asked, as the doctor came toward the bed with a medicine. "Anti-toxin," said the doctor. "Some people say that is no good," ventured the superintendent. "Some people don't know what they are talking about," said the doctor coldly. The superintendent felt no anger at the doctor's tone. His child's life was in the doctor's hands, and whether she lived or died would depend on him. He hoped the doctor would be faithful, and this hope welled up something like a prayer in his heart. All the evening both men stayed close to the little flickering life; in the early part of the night the doctor gave more medicine.

"Is she better?" asked the superintendent. "If she lives through the next twelve hours she will recover," said the doctor. The superintendent's pride and stubbornness died altogether. "Could you stay with her?" he pleaded. "I have arranged to do that," the doctor said quietly. A great load seemed to be lifted off the superintendent. The prayer in his heart became a flame now, and he trusted all to the doctor. For the first time in his life he began to see good points about the doctor. He noticed with surprise how calm and careful the doctor was, he noticed the air of quiet power that seemed to emanate from his every movement. The superintendent went into an adjoining room and sat down. At ten o'clock the doctor asked for water. "Is she out of danger?" asked the superintendent eagerly. "I told you twelve hours," said the doctor, "only four have passed, but you may lie down," he added more kindly. "I'll stay up," muttered the superintendent, and he sat down again. At midnight he saw the doctor giving more medicine; this was a grim contest, the doctor was giving battle with his brain to the unknown forces of the most dreaded of diseases. The odds here in the quiet night the superintendent thought were greatly against him. The clock struck one, then the sleep the superintendent always had to have crept over him; he awoke with a start, just then the clock struck two. "I've slept an hour," he murmured to himself in shame. He looked through the door, and the doctor looked as if he hadn't moved; the superintendent noticed that his eyes were open and alert, gazing on the child's face as if sleep was the last thing to be

indulged in at that hour. Again the superintendent's head fell on his breast, but he caught himself in time. "I must stay awake," he said, and then he came to appreciate how much the doctor was doing; his own vigil was one in which love entered, but the doctor was only performing his duty, a little more carefully and patiently than was usual. It was the superintendent's own flesh and blood that was fighting for life, and yet he would have given almost anything to sleep; his head went to his chest again, and deep slumber that was unconsciousness bound him. A voice roused him and he opened his eyes to the gray light of early day; ashamed, he lifted his head and he saw that the doctor was standing by him. "She's out of danger," he said. The superintendent sprang up; with his hand on the back of his chair he looked into the doctor's eyes, those eyes he saw yearned for sleep, the sleep they had not known that night, the sleep they had given up in order to guard the life of his own blood, and he, the father, had only slept, while this boy-man fought for his child. The superintendent gulped. "I won't forget this," he said huskily; why what is—Manly staggered and would have fallen had not the superintendent caught him—tenderly, if clumsily, he carried him to a bed.

\* \* \* \* \*

When Doctor Manly regained consciousness he was in a spotlessly clean bed and he looked around in wonder; he saw the grizzled face of his old family doctor regarding him quizzingly. For days Manly had lingered near the Great Divide, stricken with brain fever, and the old doctor hinted that something more potent than medical care had turned the scale in his favor. Quietly he left the room, but at first Manly could not take in everything; his tired brain, normal for the first time in many days, acted very slowly, and then he saw the girl! And as he looked at her all other things seemed to sift into nothingness. He raised his weak arms to her, and smiled; he knew now why his feverish dreams had been of a soft-handed angel who fought the Grim Reaper down there in the Valley and Shadow. But her face recalled the memory of that cruel letter and a sense of his injured feelings swept over him. "Jack, dear, can you forgive me for the way I've acted? I've always loved you, but my selfish part got the better of me and I—, well I wrote the letter, and then I heard you were sick, "very sick," they said, and oh, Jack, I realized at once how much you outweighed everything else with me. I came to you at once, and maybe I've helped a little." Her voice trailed off into silence. The doctor noticed curiously the big band on his arm, and that she wore one in the same place. Presently he connected these things professionally, and he knew that the blood that flowed in his veins was her blood, and his life was her life.

"Will you forgive me?" pleaded her voice. The answer she got, while not intelligible, must have satisfied her, for from somewhere partly smothered, her voice went on, "money is a good thing, but there are better things, laughter, and joy, and LOVE, Jack."

C. C. N., '14.



## The Easy Way Out

Have you ever been tired of living and felt that it wasn't worth while?  
Have you ever been tied to a miserable grouch that wouldn't permit you to smile?

If you have, you have been where the whole world looks black and minutes actually crawl,

And you couldn't help thinking how easy 'twould be to just put an end to it all.

You're right, it is easy to just put an end to all of this trouble and strife;  
The river is waiting for those who despair and for those who are weary of life.  
You say you have fought just as long as you could and have toiled as long as you can.

Ah, well, IT IS EASY TO DIE LIKE A DOG, BUT IT'S HARD TO LIVE ON LIKE A MAN.

You say "You are bitter to all of mankind, and even God's goodness you doubt,  
There is nothing but darkness and trouble around, and never a bright way out.

You have faithfully toiled at your task, you declare, but everything seems to go wrong,

And your eyes have lost sight of the beauty around, while your ears have grown deaf to all song.

So you think it is better to just simply withdraw, and to take a leap from the dock."

The ripples will hardly close over your head ere your friends will be over the shock,

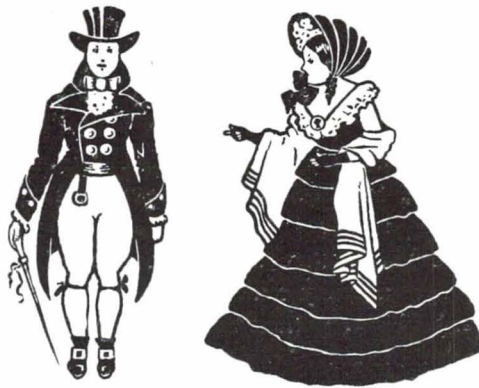
There is nothing else left for the chap who is bad, whom Fortune has held under ban,

Besides, IT'S EASY TO DIE LIKE A DOG, AND SO HARD TO LIVE ON LIKE A MAN.

Ah, yes it is easy to say you're licked, to give up the struggle and yield;  
It's a cinch to turn your back on the foe, and heedlessly run from the field,  
It is easy to throw down the burden when you find it too heavy to bear,  
And it's easy to shy at your duties, when you know that some trouble lurks there.  
But don't be a weakling and do easy things, but go to the work of the strong,  
Go wage your fight where the labor is hard and hours are weary and long,  
Cling to your smile as you go on your way, and sing at each trouble you scan,  
For, remember, IT'S EASY TO DIE LIKE A DOG, BUT HARD TO LIVE ON LIKE A MAN.

H. S. BERMAN, '14.





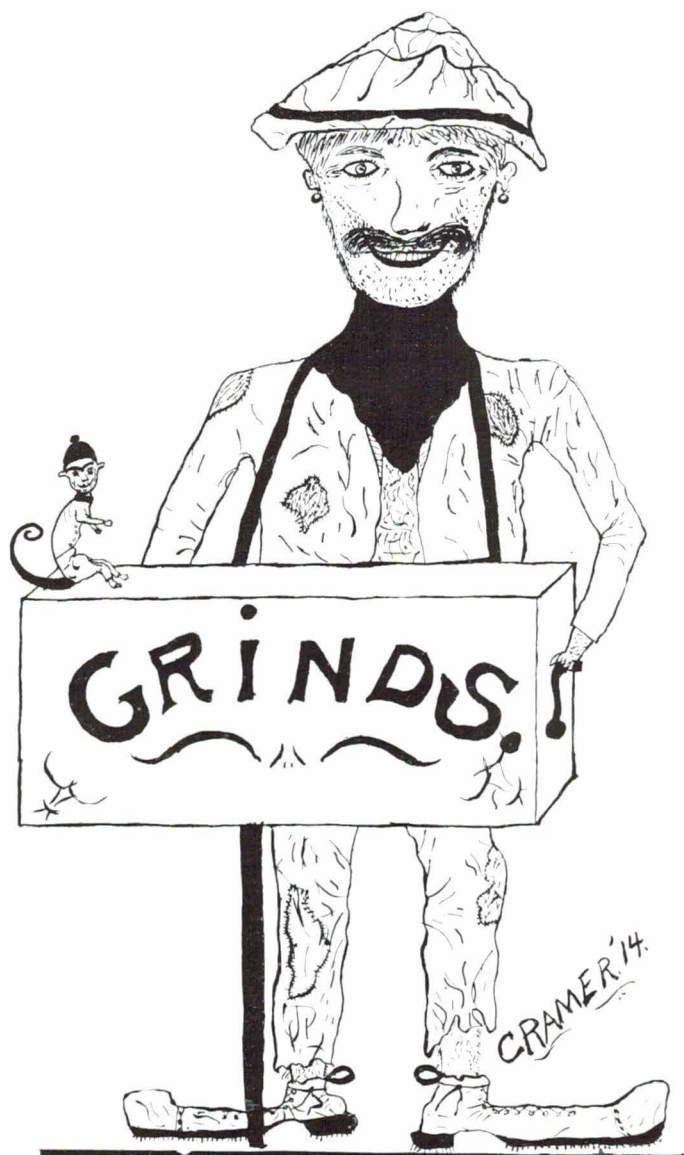
## Tell it to Sweeny

When ever anything goes wrong  
Tell it to Sweeny;  
When you'd sell yourself for a song,  
Tell it to Sweeny.  
If somebody steals your books,  
And takes your coat and hat from off the hooks,  
And you think all the fellows are crooks,  
Tell it to Sweeny.

When you lose your notebook, or pen  
Tell it to Sweeny;  
Then you'll be sure to get it again,  
If you tell it to Sweeny.  
For he can find anything that's lost,  
And he'll get it at any cost,  
Around here He's the boss  
Just tell it to Sweeny.

So no matter what's the trouble,  
Tell it to Sweeny;  
He'll get you out of the muddle,  
If you tell it to Sweeny.  
He is always somewhere round,  
He can easily be found,  
Sweeny's alright—clean up from the ground,  
So, tell it to Sweeny.

H. C. H., '14.



## Grinds

If from a grind you get a shock,  
Remember it's a friendly knock;  
So do not growl, or sulk, or pout,  
It's too late now—the book is out.

J. J. JENKINS

DR. ULLMAN (Quizzing on anatomy, called out the name Mr. Gutt)—Gott rose to his feet and said, "Gott is my name." Dr. Ullman replied, "Oh, yes! I've got you."

DR. CHAMBERS—"What is surgical tension?"

McCLUNG—"Do you mean surgical attention?"

DR. CHAMBERS—"You may give me that, too."

DR. HERRING—"What artery is found in the Sylvian fissure?"

McGINLEY—"The Island of Reil."

DR. CHAMBERS—"Is the ameboid motion of leukocytes active or passive?"

STEELE—"Active."

DR. CHAMBERS—"How do you know?"

STEELE—"It looks that way to me."

DR. CHAMBERS—"When did you look at it?"

### WHAT THE PATIENT HAD.

A medical student asked a famous surgeon:

"What did you operate on that man for?"

"Two hundred dollars," replied the surgeon.

"Yes, I know that," replied the student. "I mean what did the man have?"

"Two hundred dollars," replied the surgeon.

A clinical physician was demonstrating a case of emphysema.

DOCTOR—"What is your occupation?"

PATIENT—"I play in a band."

DOCTOR (To Class)—"Gentlemen, we have here a good example of how the inhaling and exhaling of an extra amount of air produces emphysema."

DOCTOR—"What instrument do you play?"

PATIENT—"I play a bass drum."

DR. LAZONBY—"J. U. Rohr, describe the coccygeus muscle."

ROHR—"It's a thin, flat, broad, wide, triangular muscle that wags the tail."

FRESHMEN—"Law, how many bones does the sphenoid articulate with?"

LAW—"The sphenoid articulates with twelve."

DWYER—"Dr. McCleary, can you tell me where Mr. Annan (deceased) lives?"

DR. MCCLEARY—"Dwyer, b-b-by——, I'm not Mr. Annan's spiritual adviser."

FRESHMAN (To Fleming, a Senior)—"Are you a Freshman?"

FLEMING (Very much embarrassed)—"No, sir! I am not."

MCCLUNG (On meeting Dr. Mayo in the hall)—"Hello, old sport. Are you a Junior?"

DR. ULLMAN—"Torres, how do you tell an artery from a nerve?"

TORRES—"Artery is red. Nerve is white."

DR. MAYO—"If you walked into a room where there was a patient suffering severe toxemia and you spoke to him, how do you think he would feel?"

"KID" MAYER—"Shocked."

PROF. MCGLONE—"Harrington, what is the size of a red blood corpuscle?"

HARRINGTON—"A little less than an inch."

PROFESSOR—"In the classification of your cases, under what heading would you place operations of the vermiform appendix?"

JENKINS—"I would place them under the caption of internal revenue."

Colonel Sweeny addresses the Junior Class as follows:

"There was a doctor and his name was Peck,

He fell in a well and broke his neck;

Served him right, should have broken every bone,

Should have attended to the sick and let the well alone."

DR. BLAKE (To Juniors during World Series)—"I hope the mortality at the end of the year is not as great as the number of sick men in this class today."

DR. MAYO—"Riley, what is epistaxis?"

RILEY—"Why epistaxis is forced breathing."

DR. FRIEDENWALD—"Berman, what is the salol test?"

BERMAN—"That's er—er—testing with salol."

DR. LOCKWOOD (To a student, in a quizz on diphtheria, day before election)—"I'm glad you didn't go home to vote, you would rather have diphtheria than Roosevelt, wouldn't you?"

DR. FORT—"Mathi, in a case of antimony poisoning, if you had no tannic acid at hand what substance in every home, containing tannic, would you use?"

MATHI—"Vinegar."



DR. CHAMBERS—"Christensen, what causes asphyxia?"

CHRISTENSEN—"Lack of breath."

DR. FORT—"Law, what vegetable acid would you administer as an antidote to mercurial poisoning?"

LAW—"Potassium Iodide."

DR. LOCKWOOD—"Where in typhoid are you likely to find pneumonia?"

COFFMAN—"In the lung, of course, Doctor."

DR. BLAKE—"Cramer, what do you mean by tying arteries in continuity?"

CRAMER—"Tying the arteries as you come to them."

DR. CHAMBERS (At first lecture to Juniors)—"Gentlemen, if you have had as much trouble in finding me as I have had finding you, we're starting in a h— of a mix-up."

The three degrees in medical treatment:

Positive—Ill;

Comparative—Pill;

Superlative—Bill.

DR. STIFLER (Looking over Fernos' work in dissecting room)—"Don't see the popliteal artery, you must have cut it away."

FERNOS—"No, doctor, the absence of that structure caused his death."

DR. ESKER—"Smith, do you know what lead water is used for?"

SMITH—"No, sir."

DR. ESKER—"It is used for poison ivy."

SMITH—"We don't have that where I came from."

The other day a couple of little girls came to a physician's office to be vaccinated. One of them undertook to speak for the other, and explained:

"Doctor, this is my sister. She is too young to know her left arm from her right, so mamma washed both of them."

DR. NOVAK—"Howard, give a cause of leucocytosis."

HOWARD—"Tierney being carried from bed and thrown into a tub of cold water because he would not take a bath."

DR. FORT—"What is a wine?"

FRESHMAN—"A fermented grape."

WILLIAMS (Walking into the autopsy room, and seeing a subject lying on table, remarked)—"Gee! he's dead, ain't he?"

CHRISTENSEN (Writing a prescription):  
Miss Ethel Jones,  
No. 1138 Forest Street.

R Elixir herion terpin hydrate.  
Sig. Take ten (10) drops in water.

Puzzle—Who is "Miss Ethel Jones."

DR. CHAMBERS—"Crossett, what are some of the predisposing causes of tuberculosis?"

CROSSETT—"Unhygienic surroundings."

DR. CHAMBERS—"That is one of those big words that don't mean a d— thing."

DR. BECK—"Richardson, what diseases of the kidneys do we have?"

RICHARDSON—"Gallstones."

DR. WHITE—"Day, what is CH<sub>3</sub> COOH?"

DAY—"CH<sub>3</sub> is ammonia—and—and—and—"

DR. WALDRECK—"Shirkey, examine that patient's heart."

DR. WALDRECK—"What do you hear?"

SHIRKEY—"I hear a street car."

DR. WALDRECK—"Miller what is that growth on that patient's ear?"

MILLER—"Well, Doctor! That is an overgrowth of gristle."

We have diagnosed that C. B. Rohr is suffering from "Question Disease."

Explanatory—He insists on asking questions after every lecture.

DR. STOKES—"Why are hens not attacked by the bacillus of lockjaw?"

GONZALES—"Because they have no jaws, Doctor."

DR. STOKES—"Have they any locks?"

DR. ULLMAN—"Cooper, what are the coverings of the brain?"

COOPER—"W-h-y, the skin."

DR. BLAKE—"Noland, what are the three portions of the sub-clavian artery?"

NOLAND—"The first, second and third."

DR. DOBBIN—"Strahan, to what would you compare the foetal heart sound?"

STRAHAN—"The tick under a pillow."

DR. DOBBIN—"A tick under a pillow wouldn't make much noise, you mean the tick of a watch, don't you?"

DR. STOKES (Before Xmas vacation)—"Well, this is the last time I'll address this class this year, as the Xmas holidays start tomorrow, so I wish every one in the class a Merry Xmas, of course you know how to spell Xmas, C-H-R-I-S-T-M-A-S,—and a Happy New Year."

McKENZIE—"I read my stuff last night till it put me to sleep."

DE MARTINI—"What were you reading Mac?"

McKENZIE—"Anæsthetics."

DR. THORKELSON—"Through what channels does the bile flow to get to the gall bladder?"

FITZPATRICK—"Through the abdominal aorta."

DR. NOVAK—"Johnson, what do you know concerning sebaceous follicles?"

JOHNSON—"Sebaceous Follicles is the name of the Senator from the State of Wisconsin."

DR. THORKELSON—"Purcell, give the difference between the right and left phrenic nerves."

PURCELL—"The right phrenic nerve is longer than the left and has different relations."

DR. GARDNER—"Cather, what do Bartholin's glands look like?"

CATHER—"There are two glands and sometimes they have to be removed, and they are pretty hard to remove."

DR. GARDNER—"Cather, what was the question I asked you?"

CATHER—"Well, sometimes they become infected."

DR. GARDNER—"If I would ask you to describe the streets of New York, and you would tell me about catching codfish on the banks of Newfoundland, I wouldn't know whether you knew anything about New York or not. That applies to the question."

DR. MAYO—"Mr. J. U. Rohr, in what patients does orchitis occur?"

J. U. ROHR—"In male patients, doctor."

DR. GARDNER—"Miller, do Bartholin's glands swell with infection, when they have a patulous duct?"

MILLER—"Depends on the infection. If the infection is large, there is right smart and if small, a little bit."

GOTT—"I wonder who in h—— invented work?"

"How is your son, the young doctor, making out?"

"First rate, since he learned to adapt himself to circumstances. He started out as a lung specialist, but he's a green apple specialist just now."

GAGNON—"Smith, where are you going to practice?"

SMITH—"I am going to China."

GAGNON—"Why, don't they have to take State Boards over there?"

DR. ROSENTHAL—"Mowrer, what is the epidermis composed of?"

MOWRER—"Hyperdermis, hypodermis and just dermis."

CRAMER—"I will never die of Angina Pectoris. Dr. Chambers says that it is a disease of great men."

DR. CHAMBERS (To Junior Class)—"Here's a funny thing, you can set a fracture but it won't hatch."

DR. CHAMBERS—"How would you know whether you had a broken rib, pleurisy or pneumonia? You have crepitation in all."

ROSENTHAL—"By distinguishing between them."

DR. FORT—"Arrachi, give the definition for a poison."

ARRACHI—"A poison is something that kills."

DR. FORT—"For instance a bullet."

DR. MAYO—"Berman, what is an enema?"

BERMAN—"A mouth wash."

DR. FORT—"Supposing an individual swallowed a poisonous dose of bichloride of mercury, what would you do?"

MORALES—"Phone for the undertaker."

DR. ULLMAN—"Is Mr. Thorpe here?"

FRIEND—"He's assisting in the Physiological Laboratory, Doctor."

DR. ULLMAN—"Well, he will never be Professor of Anatomy if he does not get around here."

DR. THORKELOSON—"Our next quizz will be on the perineum and all the muscles of the lower extremity."

TADEUSIAK—"O-o-o-o Doctor! Do have a heart."

DR. BROWN—"Brown (Senior) what is adrenalin?"

BROWN—"Dried bark of a tree found in South America."

ENFIELD—"Kuhlman, is that a furuncle on your neck?"

KUHLMAN—"No, it's just an ordinary old-fashioned boil."

DR. FORT—"De Feo, what is the difference between an aqua and a liquor?"

DE FEO—"One is a watery preparation and the other is a liquid preparation."

DR. MCGLONE (In quizzing about the elasticity of the Aorta)—"Nagourney, what would happen to a rubber band if you held it stretched between the hands and then released one hand?"

NAGOURNEY—"I don't know."

A correction:

Dr. Dobbin wants it distinctly understood that he does not wear corsets, as announced in Volumn Five of the Clinic.

Telephone call for Dr. Chambers: Dr. Chambers, Sr., answers and says, "You don't want me, you want that dead doctor, 'the Coroner.'"



DR. HERRING—"Riley, name the coverings of the brain."

RILEY—"Tunica Vaginalis."

DR. LAZONBY—"Lake, what is the largest baby you ever saw?"

LAKE—"O, I don't know. I never touched one in my life."

DR. NOVAK—"Levy, what is food?"

LEVY—"Anything that satisfies the appetite."

DR. CHAS SIMON—"Gatti, what do diphtheria bacilli look like?"

GATTI—"Well, Doctor, they look like pneumococcus bacillus."

ARANKI (Taking history in surgical dispensary)—"Did you say you had some measles ven you vas a baby?"

DR. LEITZ (Calling the roll)—"Mr. Holland! Does anybody know where Mr. Holland is?"

(Answer from the rear of the room)—"Mr. Holland has the measles."

DR. LEITZ—"Did you say paresis?"

SEITZ—"Wait a second, Mack, I'll be out in a minute."

DR. H. FRIEDENWALD—"Gallant, give me the complications of Trachoma."

GALLANT—"The eyelids drop off, Doctor."

MR. SWEENY (Entering lecture room)—Dr. Abersold is wanted at the telephone. The ambulance is waiting for you.

DR. H. FRIEDENWALD (As Abersold leaves room)—"He seems well enough to walk."

DR. EDGAR FRIEDENWALD—"Gallant, give me the symptoms of Lues in an infant."

GALLANT—"Hutchinson teeth."

GALLANT—"Doctor, my patient has keratitis."

DOCTOR—"No, Gallant, that is a glass eye."



## Daffodils a la H. & S.

If Bob-bitt a girl, Wood-all Tann 'er?

When McClung, What did Live-say?

Why do the Juniors have an Up Rohr in the Class?

If you were locked out could you use a Shir-key?

If Lake were an Ocean, could H. A. Cross-it or Mum-ford?

If you chased a "chicken" would R. H. Walk-er; and if caught, would Prince Coop-er?

If we were to see a Mormon, would it be Day?

How far will Far-go, if Wells Far-go far for Fargo to far go?  
 If the Seniors play ball, can En-field?  
 If a Lyon, Wolfe, or Kerr kill a Moose, Crane or Wren, will Stans-berry  
 them?  
 If the wind blows, which way will W. W. Point?  
 Does Charley Rohr when mad?  
 Why is W. L. Brown?  
 If you roast him for an hour, will he B. Wel-don or just Dunn?  
 If you are her cousin, why is Lip-kin?  
 If B. W. Steele, will Christen-sen?  
 If the Sophomores are not allowed to attend Dr. Dobbin's clinics, is it right  
 by Law?  
 If E. F. Gott a bird, would R. S. Peck?  
 When all were quiet, did Web-ster?  
 How can Woods be when there is No-land?  
 How much wood would Woodall awl, if Woodall would awl wood?

F. M.

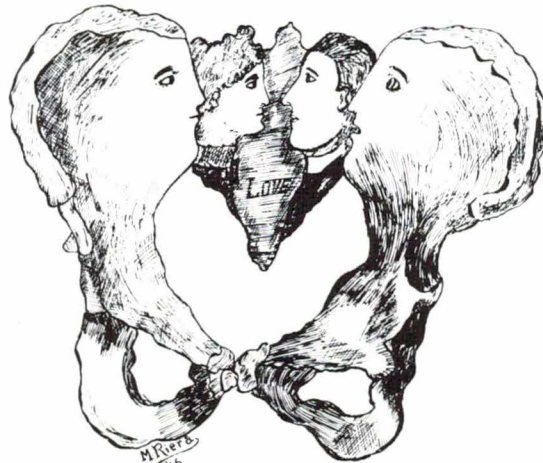
### Where It Happened

During the Christmas dinner a young Frenchman was seated next to a fine looking young woman who was wearing a gown displaying her beautiful arms.

"I came near not being here tonight," said she. "I was vaccinated a few days ago and it gives me considerable annoyance."

The young foreigner gazed at the white arms of the speaker. "Is that so," he replied, "where were you vaccinated?"

The girl smiled demurely and said "in Boston."



*Seniors new conception  
of the  
Pelvis*

## After the Students Flirtations

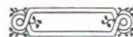
Just a little chiffon,  
Just a little lace,  
Just a smile encouraging,  
On a pretty face.

Just a little laughter,  
Just a little sigh,  
Just a little kiss or two—  
Just a little lie.

Just a lot of violets,  
Bon-bons, taxies and flowers;  
Just a lot of money spent,  
To while away the hours.

Isn't that too bad!  
All gone up in smoke,  
Just a little sad,  
Just a little BROKE.

McCALLION, '15.



## Doctors

Sing a song of doctors,  
A satchel full of dope.  
Four and twenty patients,  
A hundred miles from hope.  
When the satchel opens,  
The doctors start to guess.  
The patients are about to get  
Some nauseating mess.

Dosem's in the parlor  
Analyzing fogs.  
Cuttem's in the kitchen  
Vivisecting dogs.  
Prickem's found another  
Serum for disease,  
But there is no disagreement  
When they figure up their fees.



## A Prospective Freshman's Farewell

Farewell me dear old home town, you'll ne'er see me no more,  
For I'm going far away t'nute—to unholy Baltimore,  
Where the mighty Sophomore rules—and rules things with a slam,  
Where a Freshman's life, if the truth he told, isn't worth a damn.  
But listen me dears and you shall hear,  
How little Freshie's going to shun the beer,  
Woman, wine, song and all that dope  
That makes life such a flimsy joke.  
How he's going to cut up—not in the vulgar sense,  
But stiff—I should say dead ones—won't it be immense?

CHORUS (Hopefully albeit peanissimo).

Oh can't you see me studying? Oh can't you see me plug  
With a careworn, studious expression on my pious mug?

RESPONSE (Of assembled friends and relatives).

Oh would that we could dear brother—but if we the truth would tell  
It behooves us to reply negatively—we know you too damn well.

(REFRAIN RESUMED).

The light o'er head is fluttering as I'll ponder all alone  
Over the cursed intricate mysteries of muscle, nerve and bone,  
In the deepest of meditation I will argue pro and con.  
Upon which surface of the occiput the encephalon should be on.

Thus and so I'll meditate with both diligence and tact,  
Until at four years' time—will I emerge a cruel, heartless quack.  
When at my patients bier I stand, whilst his wife bo-ho-eth—  
May some kind soul arise and say, "Forgive, oh Lord, he knows not what he  
doeth."



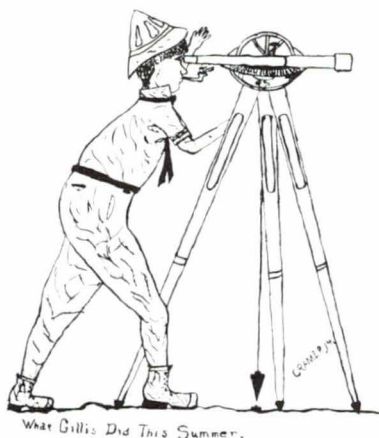
What matter if in science's name I kill perhaps a few,  
Say a hundred—wait, I'm not greedy—perhaps ninety-nine will do.  
In spite of these mere trifles let there ring out clear,  
From mountain top to lowland, so that all who ail may hear  
My war cry—I am H. Wayward, Surgeon, I amputate with cheer.

Now my tale is ended, no doubt you think its punk,  
But a little tear falls from my eye as I pack my little trunk.  
So farewell me rummies (hold on, I mean chummies),  
You'll ne'er see me no more,  
For I'm going far away t-nute—to unholy Baltimore.

H. H. J., '15.

## Lost Ambition

Her arm around his waist,  
His'n 'round her'n;  
For his M. D. Degree  
He didn't give a durn.



## Friends

For everyone in all this world  
There's bound to be a friend,  
And if you haven't found him yet  
You will before the end.

You'll meet him during College days  
In some far distant town,  
And if he's what a friend should be  
He's with you up or down.

Your life may just be sunshine  
No doubt you're well to do,  
But just like rain comes to us all  
It's bound to get you, too.

It comes without a warning  
While you and he are chums,  
It strikes you like a thunderbolt  
You won't know when it comes.

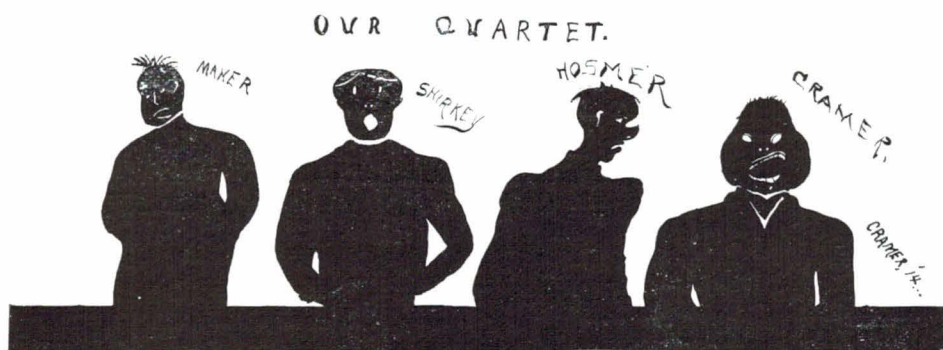
He'll be the one to pull you through,  
And take you from the street,  
To feed and clothe and nurse you back  
And place you on your feet.

Or if it strikes him unawares  
Instead of getting you,  
Use every inch of man you have  
And show him you are true.

For what's the joy of living  
In our blessed land,  
If you can't summon up your strength  
And lend a helping hand.

So be prepared to do your share  
As doctor, man and friend,  
And when you're gone, let people say,  
Your life was one well spent.

"Kid," '14.





THE  
CLINIG  
BOARD  
DIED  
1912  
PEACE  
AT  
LAST

END

GRAMER '14.

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TOBIN  
ASST. BU. MGR.

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We want to tell you candidly  
They are the very best,  
The only way to find this out  
Is--put them to the test.

Erwin E. Mayer  
John B. Webster.



LANGER—He says what he thinks, small wonder he is strangely silent.



**Sick, Nervous**  
**AND Neuralgic**  
**Headaches**  
QUICKLY RELIEVED BY  
**BROMO-SELTZER**  
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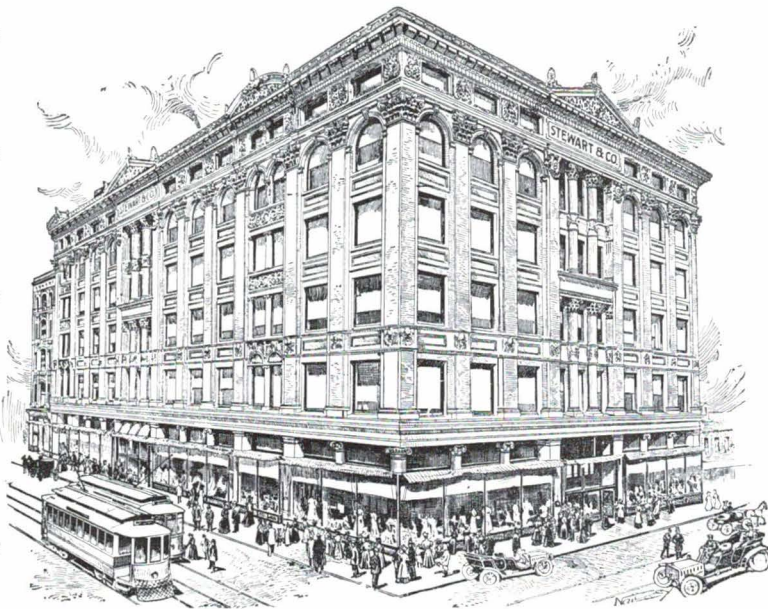
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HOLLAND—Likes his work so well that he goes to school at 8 A. M. and  
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MILLER—She sleeps, my lady sleeps.

MOOSE—Not a Bull Moose—but a Progressive.

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PALITZ—Let me have about me men that are fat.

PUJADAS—Alias Peya duz, Pu da doz, Pajamas.

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Where the brook runs deep."

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GILLIS—Former chief of the Monkey Run Fire Department.



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